

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

BLAZING WEST

10¢

No 9
JAN.-FEB.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

TAKE A BACK SEAT, FRANKIE!
RELAX, VAN!

Something
new has been
added!

MAKE WAY FOR **COOKIE!**

HERE Y'ARE, FOLKS!
THE FASTEST, FUNNIEST
TEEN-AGE COMIC BOOK
EVER PUBLISHED! IT'S
"COOKIE!"

HUBBA-
HUBBA!

For laughs-- shrieks--
roars-- For a groovy,
ribtickling magazine
you'll Love -- read

COOKIE

10¢

on all stands

Injun Jones

MEBBE I SHOULD'VE STAYED AT THE APACHE CAMP, VICKIE! THE MEDICINE MEN ARE PREDICTIN' A HEAD O' TROUBLE AHEAD... AN' I'VE GOT A NOTION THAR **WILL** BE!

OH, INJUN... **LOOK!** ISN'T THAT EAGLE BEAUTIFUL?

THE HISTORY OF THE WEST WAS FORGED IN THE MIDST OF FLYING BULLETS AND POUNDING HOOVES, DESPERATE BATTLES AND DEADLY INTRIGUE! AND WHEN **INJUN JONES** LED HIS APACHES ON THE WARPATH... IN A RACE TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THE GREATEST INDIAN EVER BORN IN THE AMERICAS... HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE HEART OF ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST DRAMATIC STRUGGLES!

WITH ITS TALONS BARED IN A WHIZZING SWOOP...

SEE THE WAY HE'S NAILIN' THAT SIDEWINDIN' RATTLER? THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT EAGLES!

FOR AN INSTANT, THE EAGLE PERCHES ON A CACTUS... THE FANGED KILLER WRITHING IN ITS BEAK...

Then... HEAVENS... SOMEONE FIRED AT IT!

I CAN'T FIGGER WHO'D BE LOCO ENOUGH TUH CHUCK LEAD AT AN EAGLE... BUT I AIM TUH FIND OUT!

BANG!

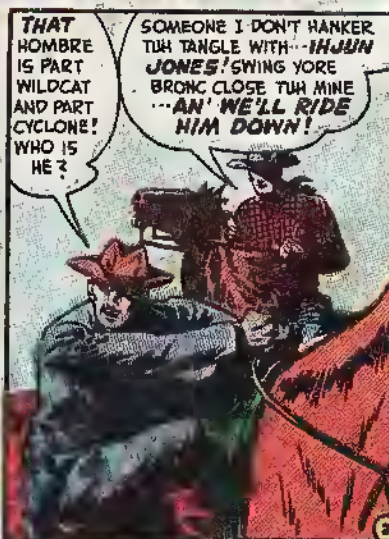
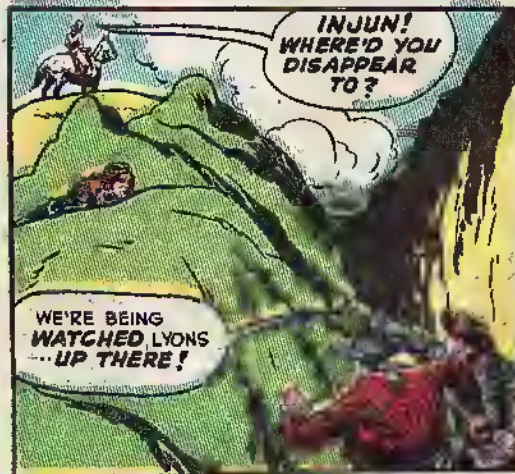
1-ZZZIP!

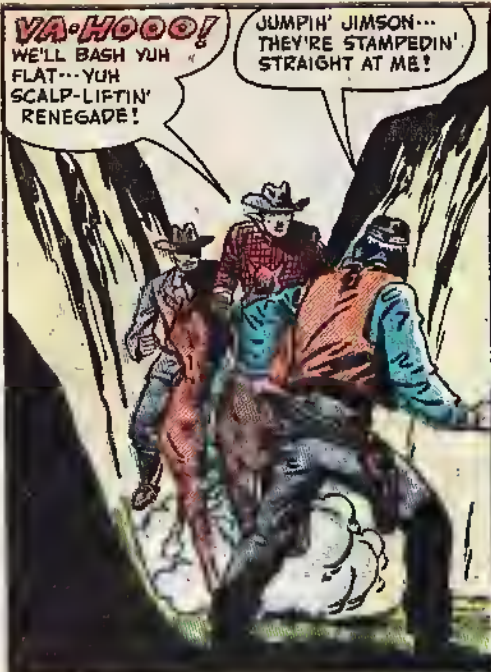
AS INJUN STALKS SILENTLY TOWARD A NEARBY GULLY...

YUH DIM-WITTED GALOOT... S'POSE SOMEONE HEARD THAT SHOT?

SORRY, LYONS! THAT EAGLE WAS THE SYMBOL OF SOMETHING I HATE INTENSELY... AND I FORGOT MYSELF FOR A MOMENT!

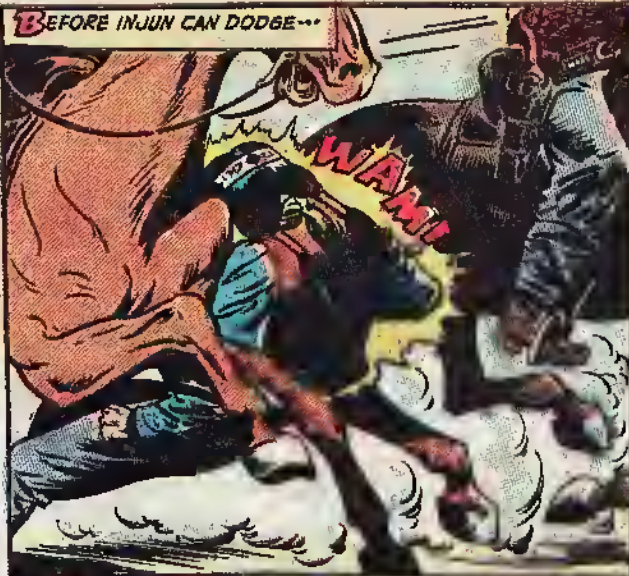
CHILI LYONS! THAR'S A FREEBOOTIN' OUTLAW WHO'D PLUG HIS OWN PARTNER IF YUH PAID HIM TUH DO IT! MEBBE I KIN GIT A SLANT ON WHAT HE'S UP TUH!





YA-HOOO!
WE'LL BASH YUH
FLAT---YUH
SCALP-LIFTIN'
RENEGADE!

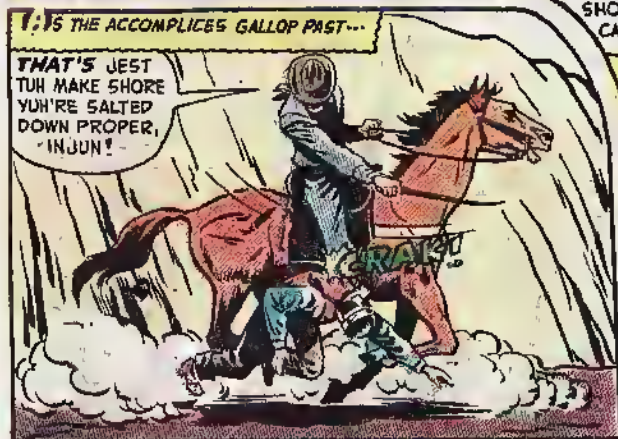
JUMPIN' JIMSON...
THEY'RE STAMPEDIN'
STRAIGHT AT ME!



MINUTES LATER...

THIS WAS ALL MY
FAULT, INJUN...I
SHOULDN'T HAVE
CALLED YOU!

DON'T FRET YORESELF, VICKIE...
THAT'S JEST THE KIND O'
RUCKUS THAT GITS ME IN
FIGHTIN' TRIM!



THE ACCOMPLICES GALLOP PAST...

THAT'S JEST
TUH MAKE SHORE
YUH'RE SALTED
DOWN PROPER,
INJUN!



I DON'T SAVVY WHO THAT EAGLE-HATIN'
DUDE KIH BE... BUT IT'S PURTY PLAIN
LYONS IS HATCHIN' SOMETHIN' UP...AN'
THE SHERIFF BETTER KNOW ABOUT IT!



SOON AFTERWARD...

THAT'S
INJUN
JONES
NOW!

HE SEEMS TUH BE
IN A MITE OF A
HURRY! WE'LL
PALAVER WITH
HIM LATER,
SHORTY!

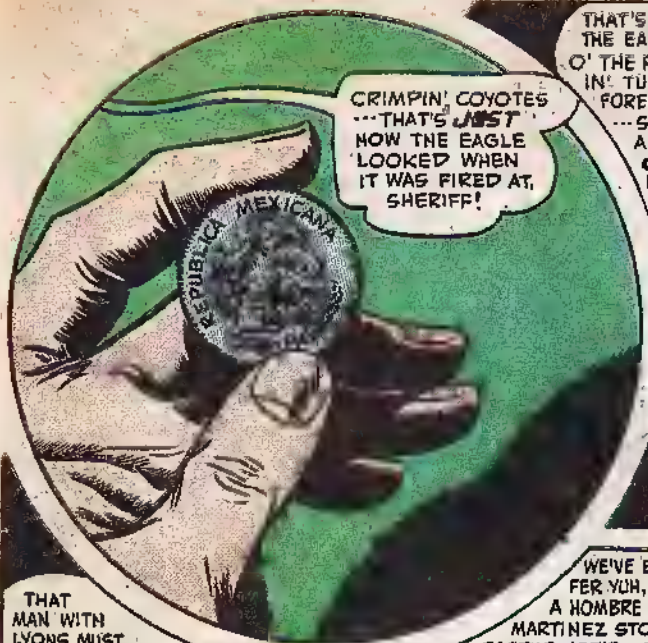


BUT THE HOOSEGOW...

LYONS IS SHORE IN
STRANGE COMPANY,
SHERIFF...TEAMIN' UP
WITH A WADDY WHO
HATES EAGLES! THE
CRITTER WAS ROOSTIN'
ON A CACTUS, KILLIN' A
SIDEWINDER...AN' FER
NO REASON I KIN SEE,
THE DUDE TRIED
TUH PLUG IT!

MEBBE THAR
WAS A REASON
INJUN! TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS
HERE COIN!





CRIMPIN' COYOTES
...THAT'S **JUST**
NOW THE EAGLE
LOOKED WHEN
IT WAS FIRED AT,
SHERIFF!

THAT'S A MEXICAN COIN, INJUN... AN'
THE EAGLE AN' SNAKE ARE THE EMBLEM
O' THE REPUBLIC DOWN THAR! ACCORD-
IN' TUH WHAT I HEARD, A PASSEL O'
FOREIGN TROOPS **INVADED** MEXICO...
...SETTIN' UP SOME KIND O' KING...
AN' FORCIN' **PRESIDENT**
JUAREZ TUH SKEEDADDLE
IN A TWO-HOSS COACH! RECKON
HIS LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A SNAP
IF THEM ROYALIST VARMINTS
FIND HIM!

NOW I
SEE WHAT
IT'S ALL
ABOUT,
INJUN!



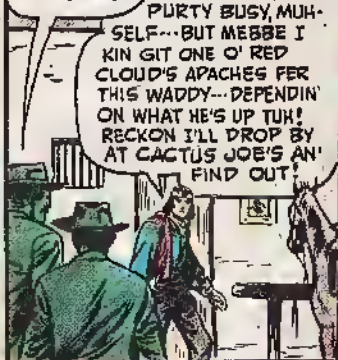
THAT
MAN WITH
LYONS MUST
HAVE FIRED AT THE
EAGLE BECAUSE TO
HIM IT REPRESENTED
THE **MEXICAN**
REPUBLIC! HE
COULD BE A
ROYALIST AGENT
ASSIGNED TO HUNT
DOWN JUAREZ...
BUT WHY WOULD HE
JOIN FORCES WITH
A RUTHLESS OUTLAW
LIKE LYONS?

MEBBE HE'LL BE
ASKIN' **HIM-
SELF** JEST
THAT QUESTION,
VICKIE... WHEN
HE WINDS UP
BEHIND BARS!
I AIM TUH DO A
MITE O' HUNTIN'
DOWN
MUHSELF!



WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN'
FER YUH, INJUN! THAR'S
A HOMBRE NAMED
MARTINEZ STOPPIN' AT
CACTUS JOE'S... SPREADIN'
THE NEWS THAT HE'S GOT WORK
FER A TOP-NOTCH SCOUT AN'
TRACKER! WE FIGGERED YUH
MIGHT WANT
THE JOB!

I'M GOIN' TUN BE
PURTY BUSY, MUH-
SELF... BUT MEBBE I
KIN GIT ONE O' RED
CLOUD'S APACHES FER
THIS WADDY... DEPENDIN'
ON WHAT HE'S UP TUH!
RECKON I'LL DROP BY
AT CACTUS JOE'S AN'
FIND OUT!



MINUTES LATER...

INJUN JONES! LYONS
WARNED ME NOT TO RISK
RETURNING TO TOWN TO
PICK UP MY GEAR, AFTER
THAT RUN-IN... AND I
SHOULD HAVE LISTENED!



HOWDY CACTUS!
YUH GOT A WADDY
NAMED MARTINEZ
BUNKIN' HERE?

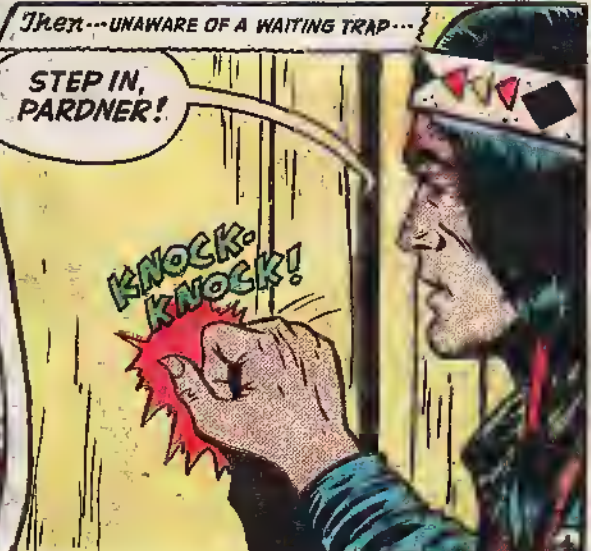
SHORE HAVE, INJUN...
FIRST DOOR AT THE
HEAD O' THE STAIRS!

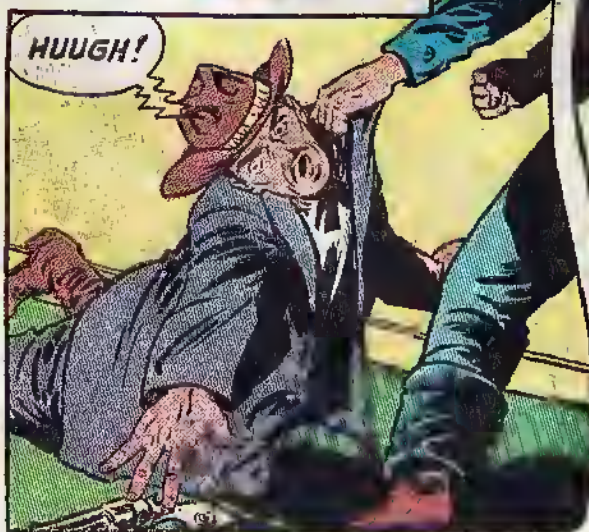
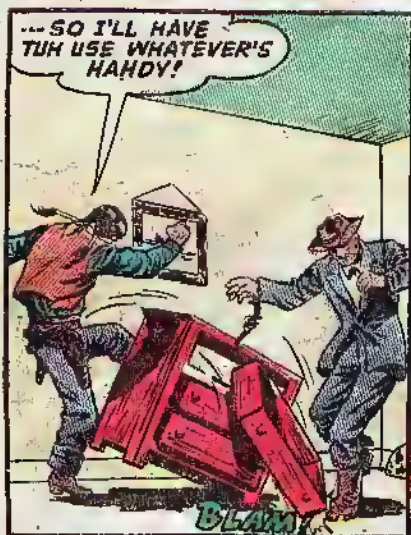
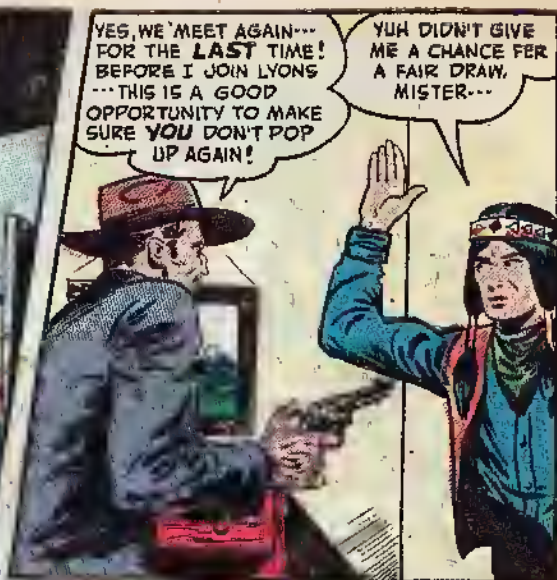
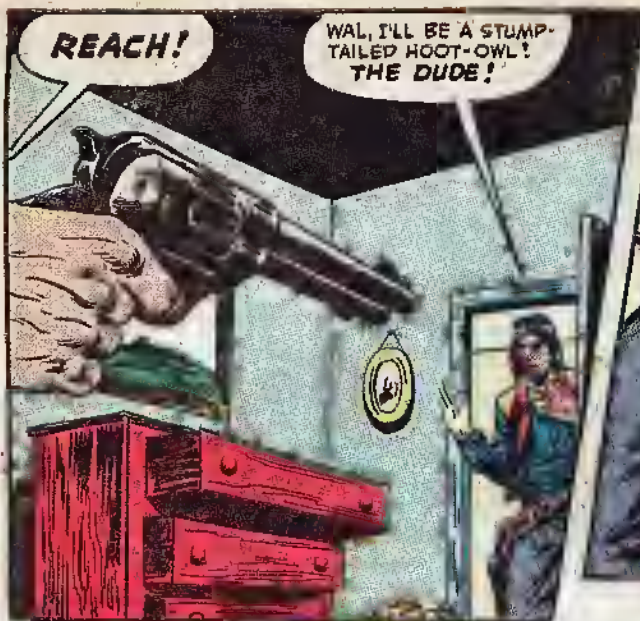


Then... UNWARE OF A WAITING TRAP...

**STEP IN,
PARDNER!**

**KNOCK-
KNOCK!**

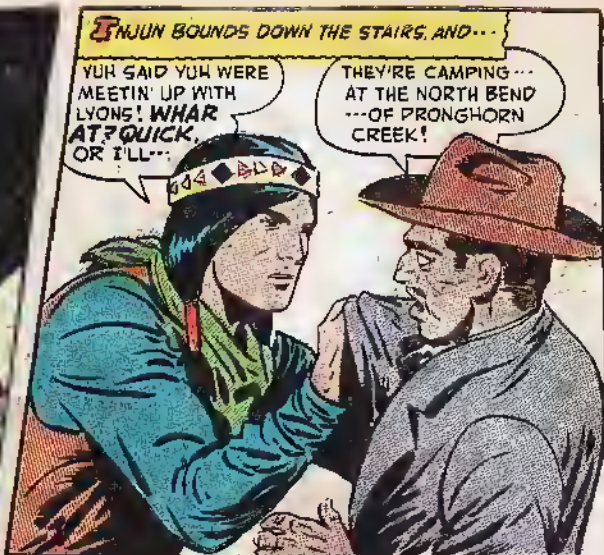






TARNATION... THAR
WAS A MIGHTY
CLOSE SHAVE!

CRASH!



INJUN BOUNDS DOWN THE STAIRS, AND...

YUH SAID YUH WERE
MEETIN' UP WITH
LYONS! WHAR
AT? QUICK,
OR I'LL...

THEY'RE CAMPING...
AT THE NORTH BEND
...OF PRONGHORN
CREEK!



INJUN! I
KNEW ALL
THAT NOISE
MEANT
TROUBLE!

YEP...AN' I
KNEW INJUN
JONES COULD
HANDLE IT!



RECKON
YUH'RE RARIN' TUH
RIDE HERD ON LYONS
AN' HIS VARMINTS.
INJUN! YUH'RE THE
ONE THEY TANGLED
WITH...AN' I'M GIVIN'
YUH A CLEAR TRACK
IN ROUNDIN' 'EM UP!

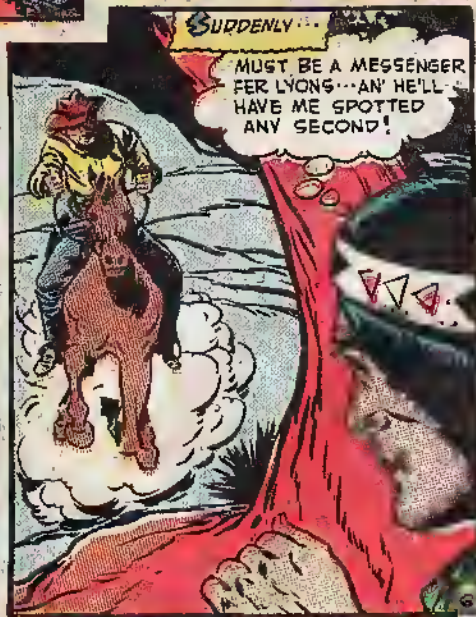
I WON'T
BE GONE,
LONG, VICKIE
...SPECIALLY
IF I KNOW
YUH'RE
WAITIN'
FER ME
TUH GIT
BACK!



I DON'T HAVE ANY TRUCK WITH
POLITICS, NOHOW... BUT IF LYONS
IS MIXED UP IN THAT MEXICAN
RUCKUS ON THE ROYALIST
SIDE... RECKON I'M ON THE
SIDE O' PRESIDENT
JUAREZ!

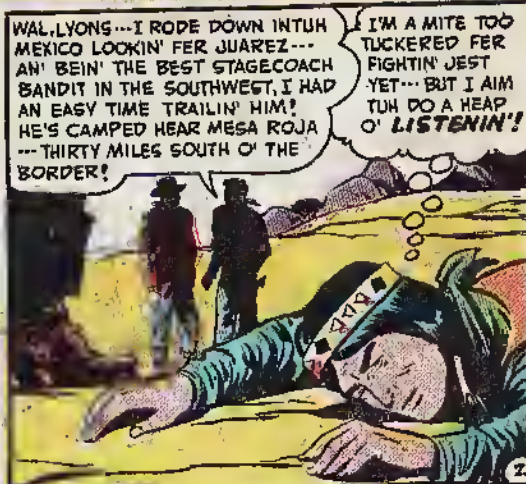
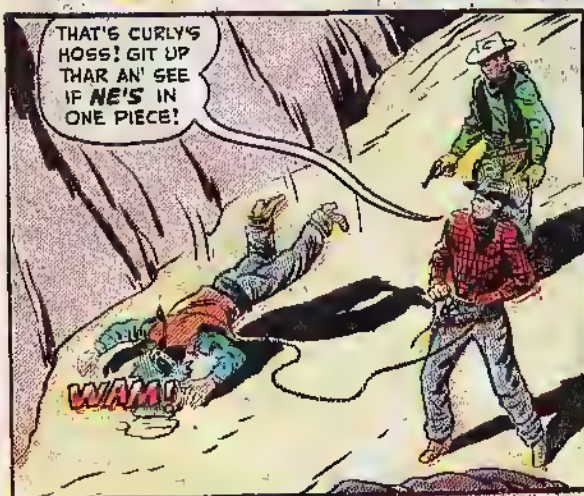
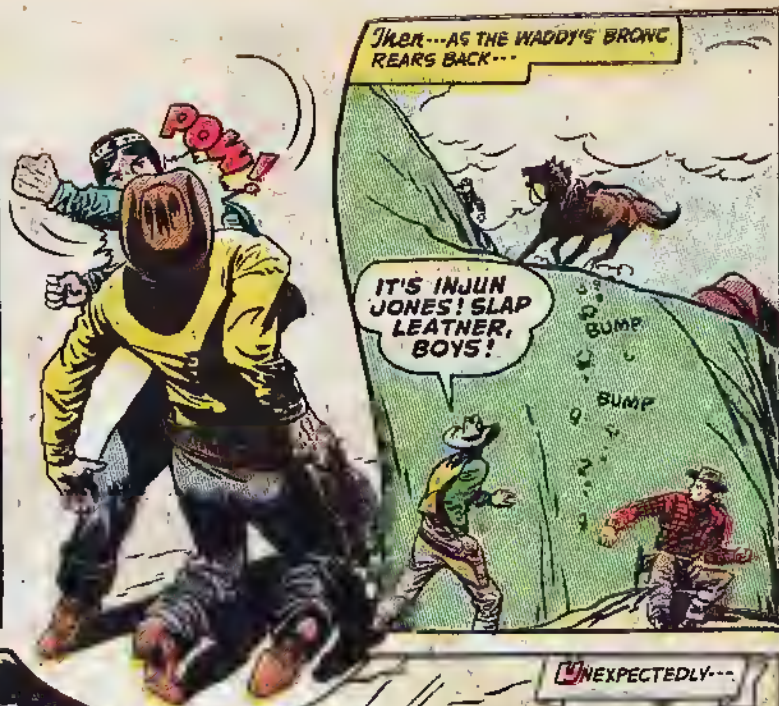
AT NIGHTFALL SETTLES OVER
PRONGHORN CREEK...

LYONS HAS A HEAD MORE
WADDIES THAN I RECKONED!
A PASSEL O' BUZZARDS
THIS BIG SHORE LOOKS
LIKE TROUBLE BREWIN'!



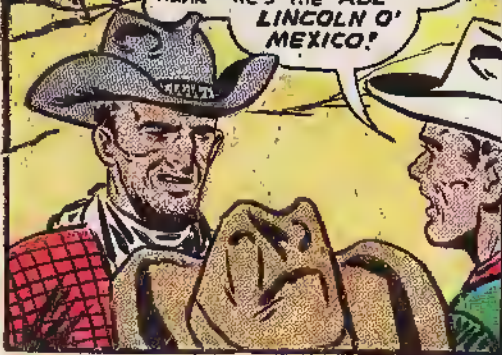
SURDENLY...

MUST BE A MESSENGER
FER LYONS...AN' HE'LL
HAVE ME SPOTTED
ANY SECOND!



THE EMPEROR O' MEXICO IS OFFERIN' A \$50,000 REWARD FER JUAREZ, DEAD OR ALIVE... AN' I DON'T HANKER TUH SHARE IT WITH MARTINEZ AN' THAT SCOUT HE'S FIXIN' TUH HIRE! WE'LL RIDE DOWN TUH MESA ROJA **WITHOUT** MARTINEZ... AMBUSH JUAREZ AN' HIS BODYGUARD... AN' COLLECT!

RECKON IT'S A SLICK WAY TUH PICK UP \$50,000, LYONS... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEE O' GITTIN' IT OUT O' JUAREZ'S HIDE! FROM WHAT I HEAR... HE'S THE ABE LINCOLN O' MEXICO!



FER \$50,000... I WOULDN'T CARE IF HE **WAS** LINCOLN! BESIDES... DO YUH KNOW WHAT MARTINEZ TOLD ME ABOUT JUAREZ? HE'S JEST A **REDSKIN**... AN **INJUN** FROM THE SOUTH O' MEXICO! AN' THAT REMINDS ME O' **INJUN JONES** HERE...!



MEBBE YUH HEARD WHAT WE'RE UP TUH, INJUN... BUT YUH'RE NOT SPREADIN' THE NEWS ANY FUTHER THAN THE BOTTOM O' PRONGHORN CRICK! HAWG-TIE THIS VARMINT, ANDY... AN' THE REST O' YUH... **GIT MOUNTED!**



Then... WITH A LARGE ROCK LASHED TO INJUN'S BODY...



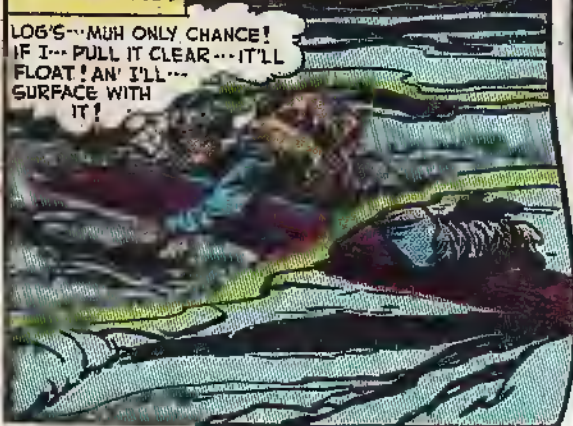
AFTER A MOMENT'S WAIT...

I KIN JEST HEAR THEM APACHES THUMPIN' THEIR DRUMS... WONDERIN' WHAT HAPPENED TUH INJUN JONES? WITH **HIM** OUT O' THE WAY, WE'LL HAVE A CLEAR TRACK FER OTHER JOBS... AFTER WE GIT BACK WITH THE REWARD MONEY!

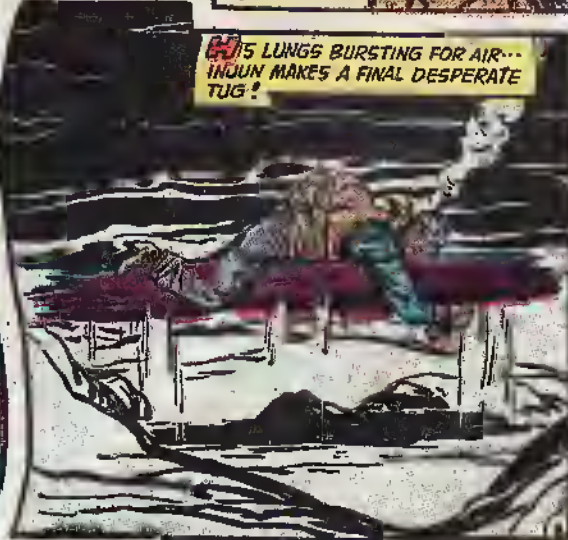


BUT A WARRIOR'S TRAINING HAS TAUGHT INJUN TO KEEP HIS HEAD... EVEN IN THE FACE OF DEATH! STRUGGLING FIFTEEN FEET DOWN... HE LANDS ON A JAMMED LOG!

LOG'S... MUH ONLY CHANCE! IF I... PULL IT CLEAR... IT'LL FLOAT! AN' I'LL... SURFACE WITH IT!



HIS LUNGS BURSTING FOR AIR... INJUN MAKES A FINAL DESPERATE TUG?



THE LOG IS WRESTED FREE AND FLOATS TO THE SURFACE! GASPING FOR BREATH AS THE LOG DRIFTS INTO SHALLOW WATER, INJUN JONES STAGGERS ASHORE!

THOSE VARMINTS LEFT A BOTTLE ON THAT ROCK... AND IT'LL COME IN RIGHT HANDY!



CRASH!



WAL... CHILI LYONS MAY NOT THINK I'M SPREADIN' THE NEWS...

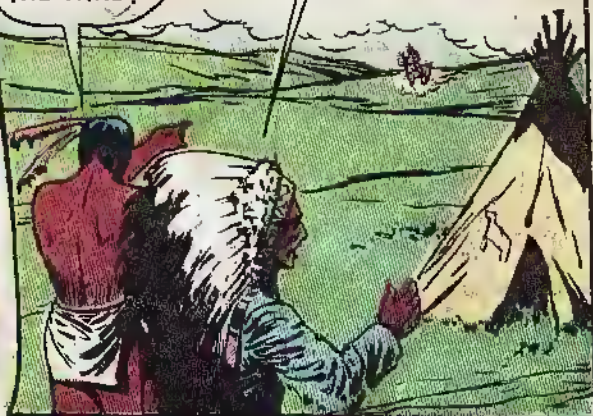


... BUT I'VE HEARD ENOUGH ABOUT JUAREZ TUH KNOW HE RATES A HELPIN' HAND... AN' I RECKON RED CLOUD AN' HIS BRAVES WILL FEEL THE SAME WAY!

(IN AN HOUR LATER... AT THE APACHE CAMP...)

IT IS INJUN JONES, RED CLOUD... RIDING LIKE THE WIND!

ROUSE YOURSELVES, WARRIORS... OUR BROTHER COMES!



WHAT IS THE NEWS INJUN JONES BRINGS TO HIS PEOPLE?

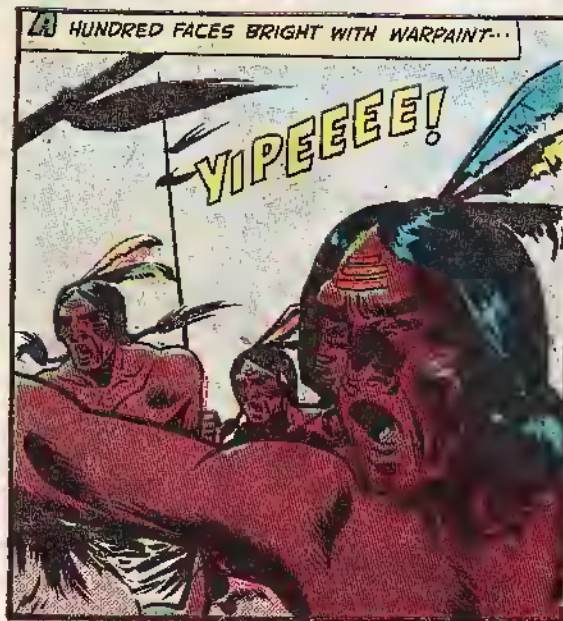
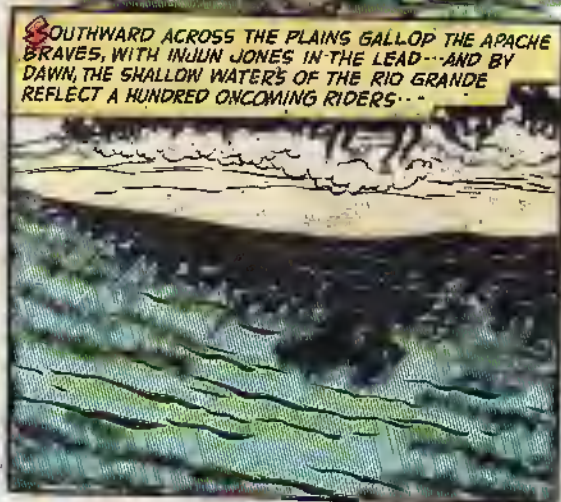
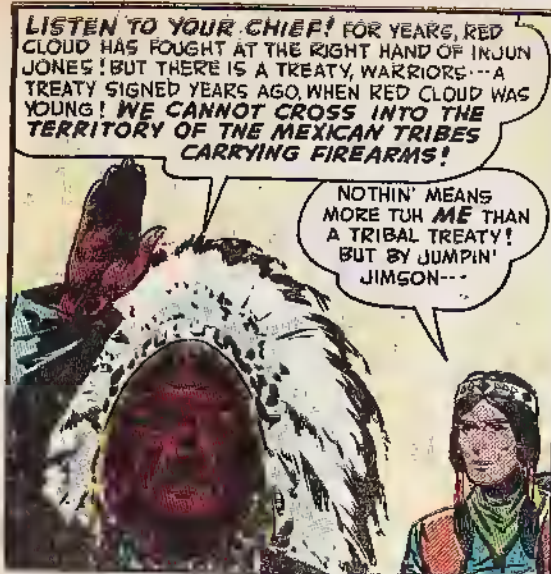
WAR! HERE'S YORE CHANCE TUH RIDE INTUH MEXICO AFTER THE ORNERIEST PACK O' CRITTERS IN ARIZONA!



THAT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE, APACHES! LYONS IS AFTER JUAREZ, THE GREAT CHIEF O' MEXICO... A GOOD MAN WITH THE BLOOD O' WARRIORS IN HIS VEINS... AN INJUN!

YAAHHOO! HIS BLOOD IS OUR BLOOD... HIS ENEMY IS OUR ENEMY!





SEVERAL HOURS LATER... A SMALL GROUP OF MEN ARE CAMPED AROUND A DUSTY BLACK COACH... THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC!



JUAREZ! HISTORY HAS NUMBERED HIM AMONG THE GREAT MEN OF AMERICA... BUT NOW HE IS A FUGITIVE... HOUNDED INTO THE DESERT!

FOUR MEN... ALL THAT REMAIN OF THE ARMY I HOPED WOULD SAVE MEXICO FROM THE FOREIGN INVADERS! BUT PERHAPS I HOPED FOR TOO MUCH... BEGINNING WITH THE DAY WHEN A POOR INDIAN BOY NAMED BENITO JUAREZ SWORE HE WOULD ONE DAY BE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO!



SUDDENLY...

THE ROYALISTS!
QUICK... INTO THE COACH!



NO, COMPADRES... THESE ARE BANDITS... AND I WILL SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO MOLEST THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO!



FIVE HUNDRED FEET AWAY...

WOULDN'T BE HARD TUH RUSH 'EM... BUT JUAREZ IS THE ONE WITH THE PRICE ON HIS HEAD... AN' HE'S THE ONE I AIM TUH GIT!



WATCH, BOYS... HERE'S ONE BULLET THAT'S WORTH \$50,000!





UNEXPECTEDLY...

LYONS!

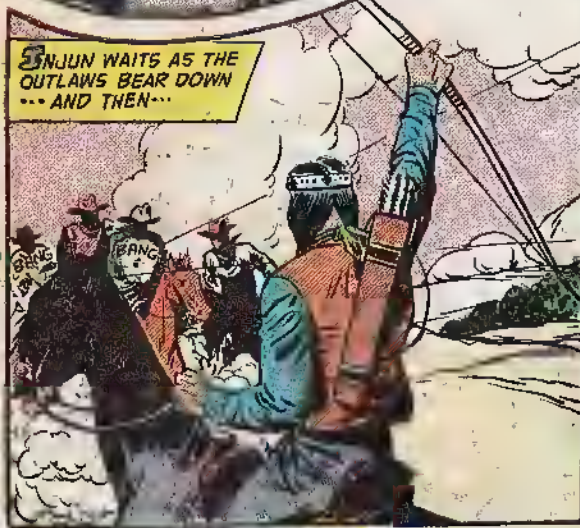
YUH! I LEFT YUH FER DEAD---AN' YUH'RE GONNA BE DEAD!



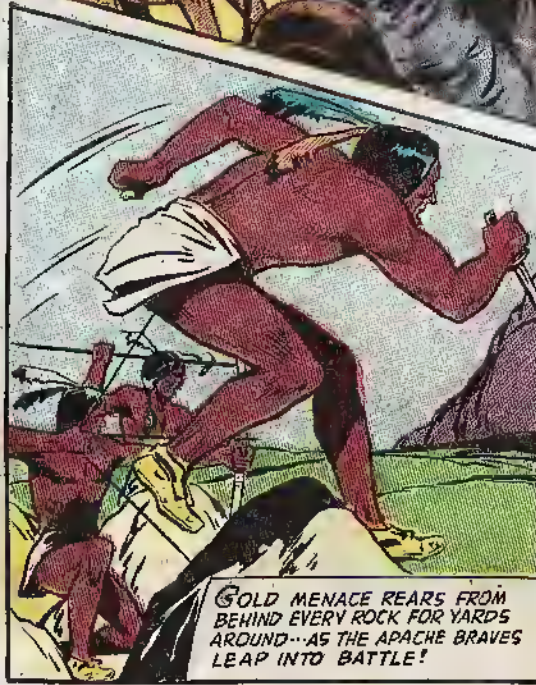
IN A FLASH... THE SINEW BOWSTRING TWANGS!

AAAGH!

THE REST O' YUH BETTER TURN TOO... BECAUSE HERE'S WHAR THE FIGHTIN'S COMIN' FROM!



SNUNJUN WAITS AS THE OUTLAWS BEAR DOWN... AND THEN...



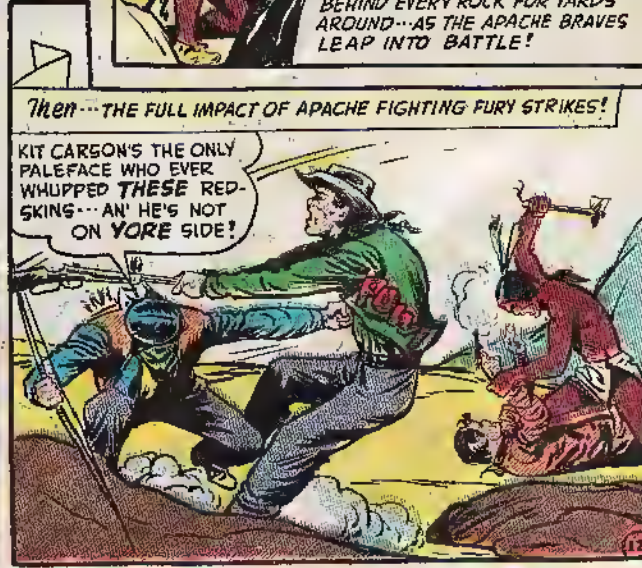
GOLD MENACE REARS FROM BEHIND EVERY ROCK FOR YARDS AROUND... AS THE APACHE BRAVES LEAP INTO BATTLE!



FIRST... HISSING ARROWS AND WHIZZING SPEARS PANIC THE MILLING OUTLAWS...

YAAGH!

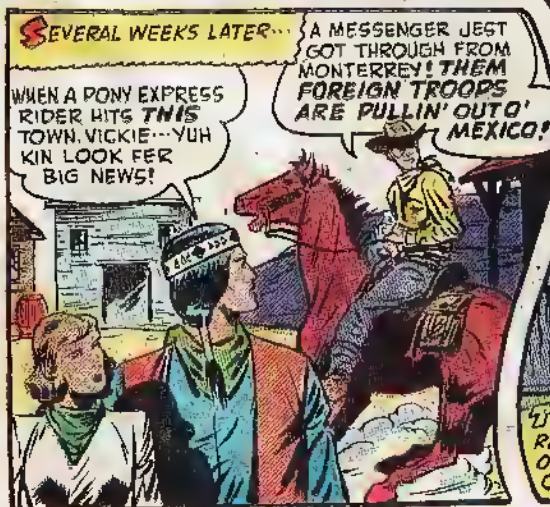
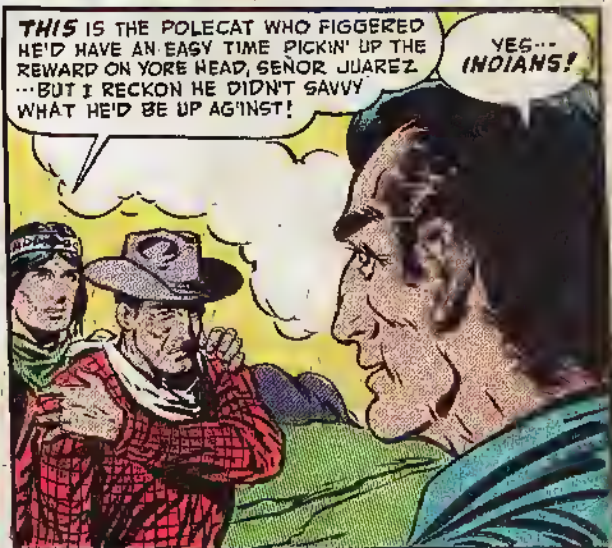
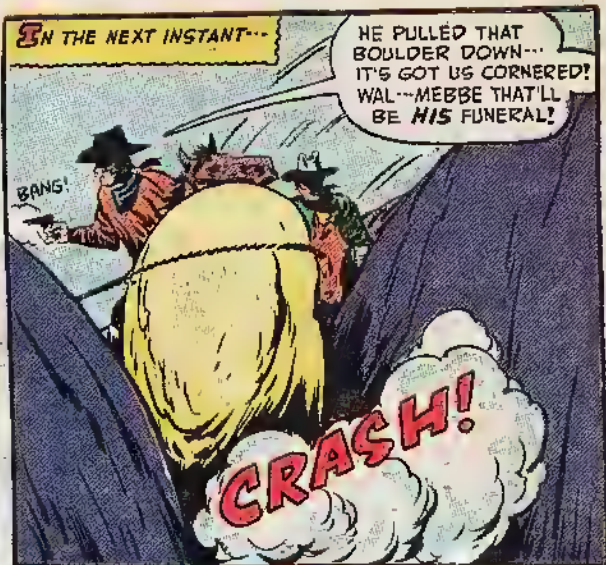
KEEP SHOOTIN'... THOSE RED DEVILS CAN'T FACE BULLETS!



Then... THE FULL IMPACT OF APACHE FIGHTING FURY STRIKES!

KIT CARSON'S THE ONLY PALEFACE WHO EVER WHUPPED THESE RED-SKINS... AN' HE'S NOT ON YORE SIDE!

CRASH!



DEATH *on* HOOFS

YOUNG TOM BENTON stared anxiously across the ranchyard at the distant cloud of dust fast descending the trail from the hills. "It must be Rod Foster!" one of the other watchers yelled. "And I bet he caught that crazy stallion, Wildfire!"

Tom glanced shyly across at pretty Mary Wallace, the ranch owner's daughter, and he felt a cold, sinking feeling in his heart as he saw the suppressed excitement with which she was watching the nearing dust-cloud. If only *he* could be as strong and tough as Rod, Tom thought hopelessly—if only *he* could capture the stallion that was the terror of the valley—then maybe Mary would look at *him* with the admiration she showered on Rod. But it was hopeless, Tom knew. No weakling could ever lay a rope on the horse that had already killed four men who had tried to capture him.

"Look!" a cowpuncher shouted. "It's Rod, all right—but he's *alone*!"

And as an angry, disgruntled-looking Rod rode into the ranchyard, Tom couldn't control the surge of elation he felt. "Too bad," Tom called out. "But I guess you're not quite the man you thought you were, Rod!"

Tom recoiled in fright as Rod swung off his horse and strode viciously over to him.

"Why, yuh four-eyed, spindly-legged sissy! That hoss darn near killed me—but at least I got closer tuh him than anyone did before! Why don't yuh go out an' tangle with him yoreself, yuh lily-livered big-mouth?"

A harsh cackle of laughter rose from the watching cow-hands, and Tom felt his face flushing with humiliation as he saw Mary looking at him scornfully. He knew that he was trapped, that he'd have to make a pretense of going out after the stallion, or be branded as a coward in her eyes. "All . . . all right," he stammered. "Since everyone else has tried, I might as well go after him, too!"

There was cold fear in the pit of

Tom's stomach as he neared the stallion's favorite grazing grounds. But a quick glance around the area showed no trace of the wild horse. With a sigh of relief, Tom turned to go—at least he could now say he'd *tried*! But a few paces further on, the soft whinny of a horse in pain filled the air, coming from behind some brush. Cautiously, Tom poked his way closer—and suddenly stood still in shocked amazement at the huge white stallion lying tangled in the cruel grip of a barbed wire fence!

"It's *Wildfire*!" Tom whispered. "And that look in his eyes—he's badly hurt! If . . . if I only had a gun, I'd put him out of his misery. But I . . . I can't leave him like *that* . . .!"

Cold dread gripped his heart, but Tom swiftly made his decision. He stole fearfully closer to Wildfire, who began neighing wildly at his approach. With trembling hands, Tom began twisting away the strands of wire, ignoring the pain in his own bleeding hands. Finally, when the last strand was pulled aside, Tom stood up and began running for his life, hoping against hope that the horse was too badly hurt to pursue him. But a moment later, he heard the pounding of hooves behind him and suddenly he knew this was it—*Death On Hooves* was about to claim another victim!

Tom tried a last desperate burst of speed—and tripped over a root! Lying there hopelessly, he closed his eyes, praying that the end wouldn't be too painful, waiting for the crashing impact of hooves against his skull. But instead, wonder of wonders, there was only a soft nuzzling mouth against his cheek! Fearfully sitting up, he stared in amazement at the almost human look of gratitude in the eyes of the no longer wild stallion!

And an hour later, as Tom rode into the ranchyard with the meek stallion in tow, there was *another* look that warmed his heart—but this one was a look of admiration—in the eyes of the girl running towards him!

-Hi Fellows! The NEW

LIONEL TRAINS

Catalog is Ready



**SEE THE NEW
DIESEL LOCOS-
and the marvelous
DIESEL SWITCHER**

Boy! — I'll bet you and dad are planning a new and bigger LIONEL Railroad for this Christmas! Lots of new LIONEL locos, cars, and accessories to choose from! You know, boys, nobody but LIONEL gives you true railroad realism. The new 1949 catalog tells all about the famous LIONEL smoke puffing locos, the built-in real R.R. whistles, and the sensational Lionel Electronic Railroad. LIONEL Train Sets priced from as little as \$15.95.

See Lionel trains at
your favorite store.

WRITE FOR THE CATALOG TODAY!

LIONEL TRAINS

LIONEL TRAINS, P. O. Box 168
Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

I enclose 10c. Please send me the new 40-page,
full-color Lionel Train Catalog for 1949.

Name

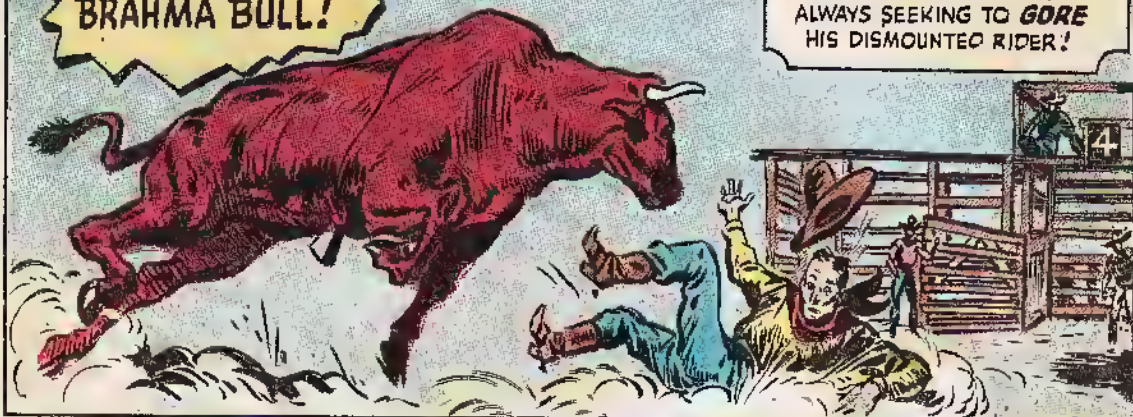
Address

City Zone State

SECRETS of the **RODEO**

Riding The BRAHMA BULL!

HAVOC ON THE HOOOF...
THAT'S THE BRAHMA BULL!
HE'S THE MOST DANGEROUS
ANIMAL IN THE RODEO,
ALWAYS SEEKING TO GORE
HIS DISMOUNTED RIDER!



SPECTATORS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT...
BECAUSE THE ENRAGED BRAHMA WILL
CHARGE ANYTHING IN SIGHT!



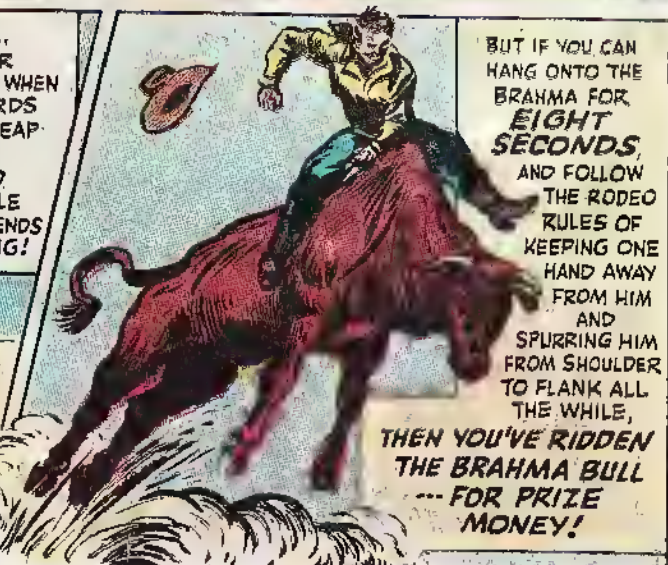
BEFORE YOU START YOUR RIDE,
MAKE SURE THERE'S A "CLOWN"
NEARBY... BECAUSE IF YOU'RE THROWN,
THE CLOWN WILL HAVE TO YELL AND
FLAP HIS HANDS TO DIVERT THE
BULL FROM GORING
YOU!



IF THE CLOWN DOES HIS JOB WELL,
HE FREQUENTLY FINDS HIMSELF IN FAR
MORE DANGER THAN THE RIDER! AND WHEN
THE WILD BRAHMA THUNDERS TOWARDS
HIM, THE CLOWN OFTEN HAS TO LEAP
INTO ONE OF THE BARRELS HE
USES FOR PROPS... AND
THEN START PRAYING WHILE
THE BELLOWING BEAST SENDS
THE BARREL SPINNING!



BUT IF YOU CAN
HANG ONTO THE
BRAHMA FOR
EIGHT SECONDS,
AND FOLLOW
THE RODEO
RULES OF
KEEPING ONE
HAND AWAY
FROM HIM
AND
SPURRING HIM
FROM SHOULDER
TO FLANK ALL
THE WHILE,
THEN YOU'VE RIDDEN
THE BRAHMA BULL
... FOR PRIZE
MONEY!



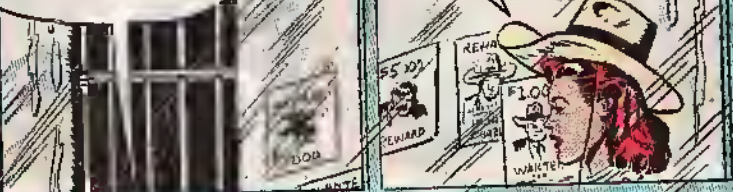
Buffalo Belle

**THE RED-HOT
BRANDING IRONS
OF RUSTLERS...
FLAMING SUNSETS...
BLAZING SIX-GUNS...
AND A FIERY RED-
HEAD NAMED
BUFFALO
BELLE!**

**THAT'S WHAT THE
CHEROKEE STRIP
WAS LIKE IN ITS
HEYDAY, PARDNER...
WHEN A GIRL
DEPUTY PACKED A
SURE CURE FOR
CUSSEDNESS IN
HER GUNBELT!**

RECKON THAR WON'T BE
MUCH OF A RUCKUS IN
TOWN TONIGHT, BELLE!
THAR'S JEST ENOUGH
OF A DRIZZLE TUH
KEEP THE WADDIES
OFF THE STREET!

FIGGER I'LL TAKE A LOOK
AROUND **ANYWAY, LUKE**
...JEST IN CASE SOME-
ONE'S FIXIN' TUH ACT
UGLY **INDOORS!**



**BU'S BELLE RIDES THROUGH THE
MISTY TOWN...**

WHUP! I WAS GOIN'
TUH SAY IT'S AS QUIET AS
A BROODY OWL... BUT MEBBE
I'M WRONG!



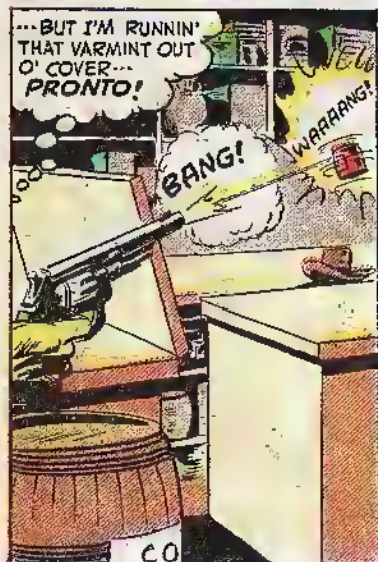
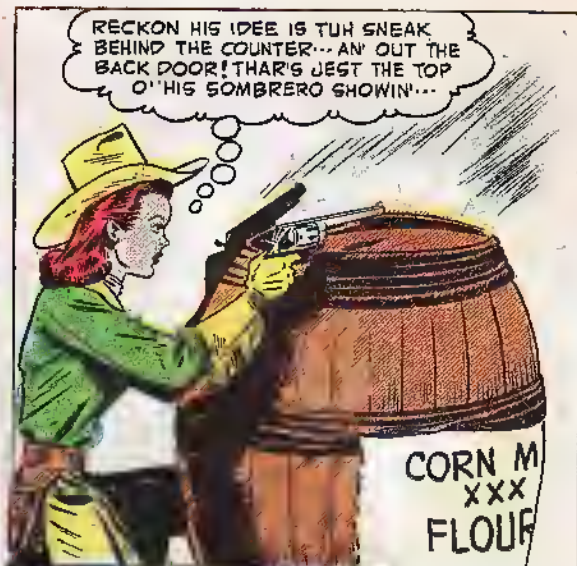
**CRIMPERS... IT'S JIM
LESTER, OWNER O' THE
BENT BAR RANCH! HE'S
BEEN PLUGGED!**



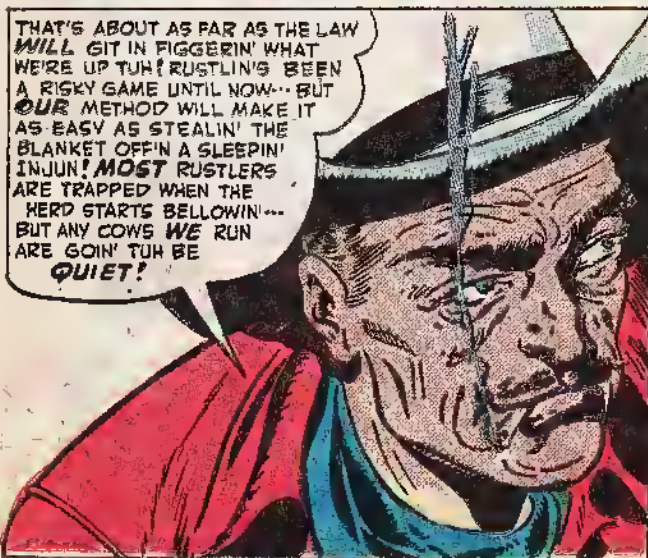
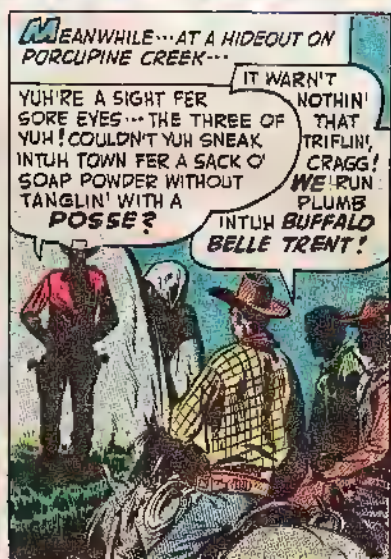
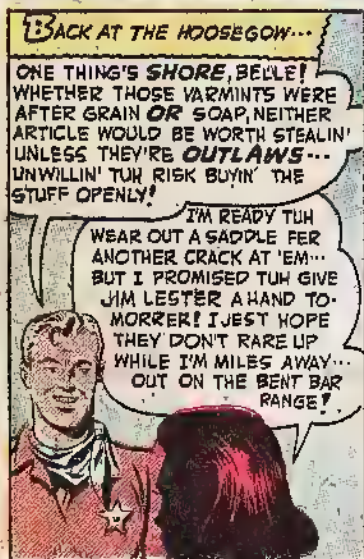
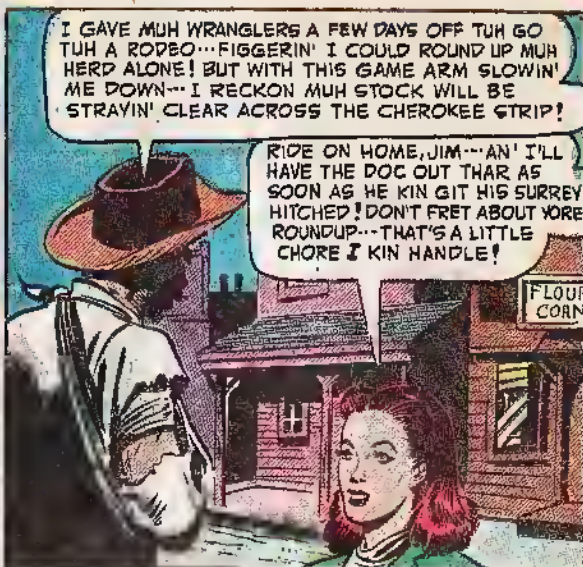
**FOUND THREE WRANGLERS
BREAKIN' INTUH THE STORE,
BELLE! THE SIDE-WINDERS
DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE
TUH DRAW!**

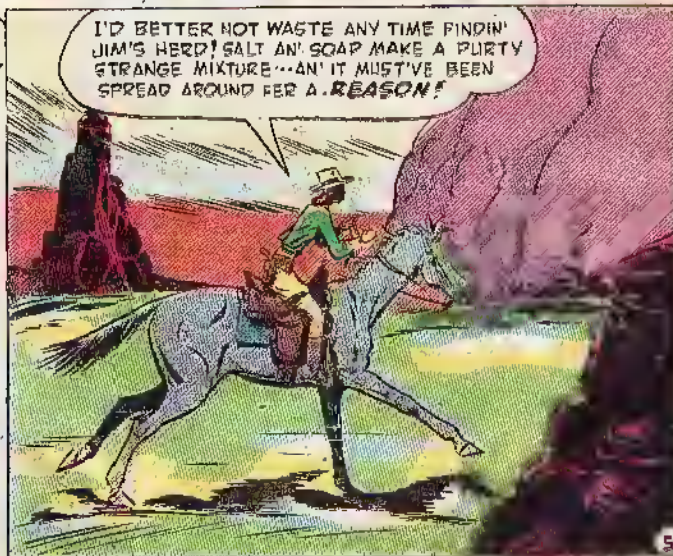
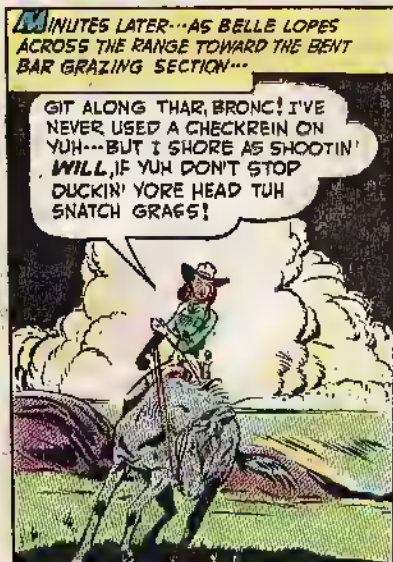
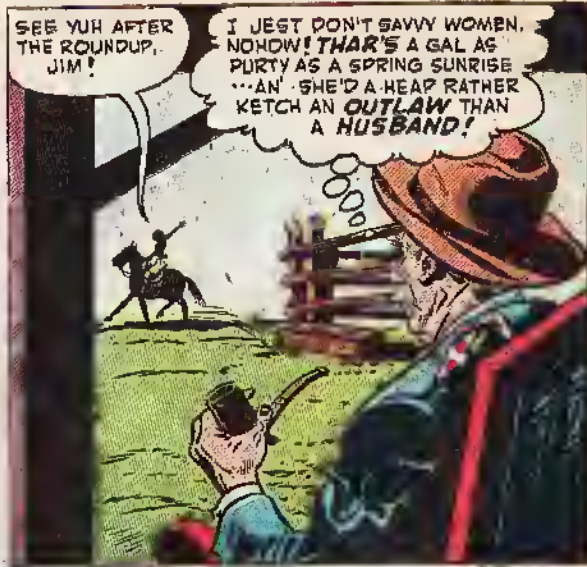
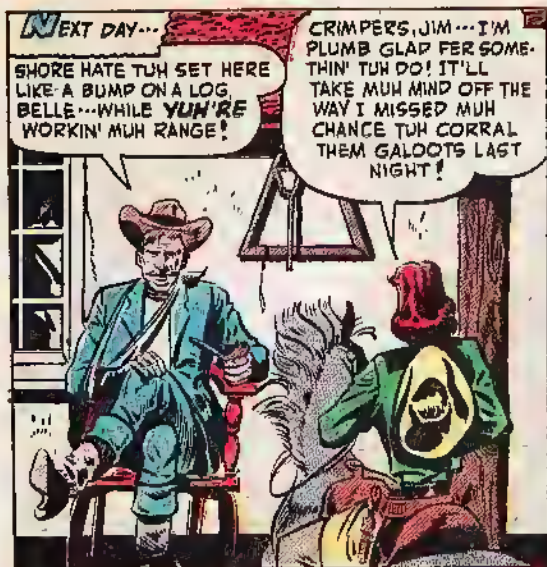
**KEEP LOW, JIM...
I AIM TUH
RIDE HERO
ON 'EM!**

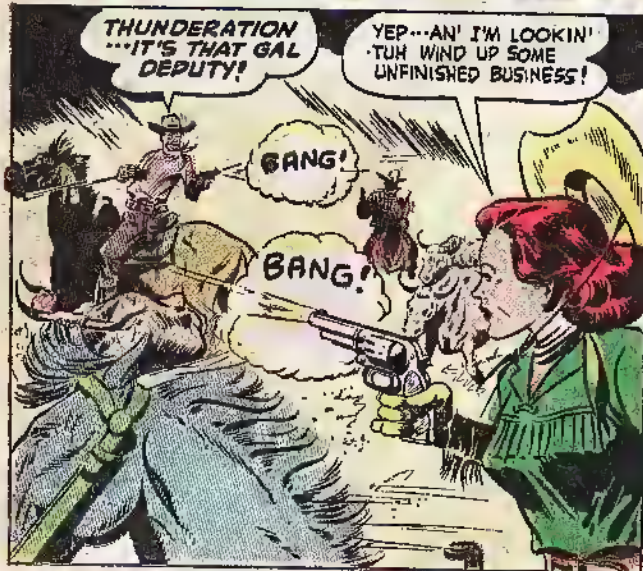
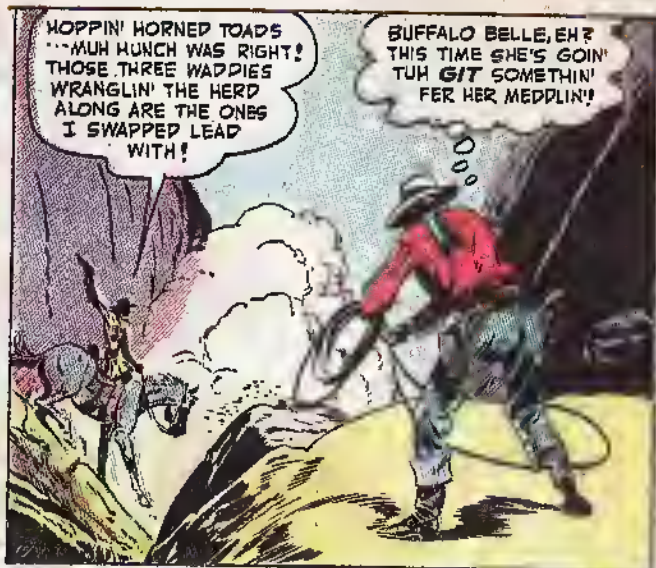










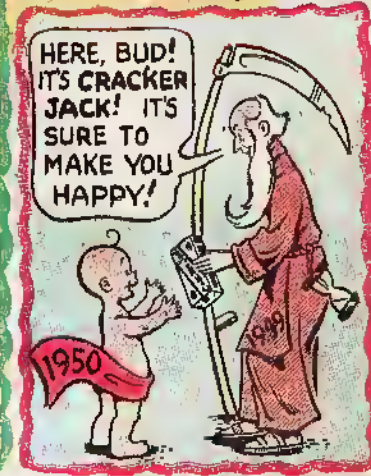
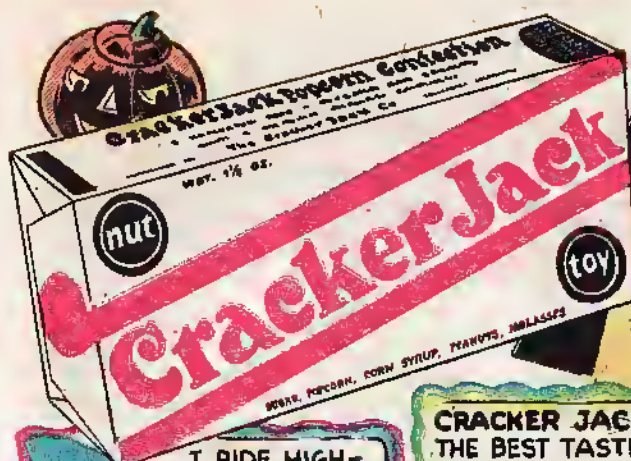


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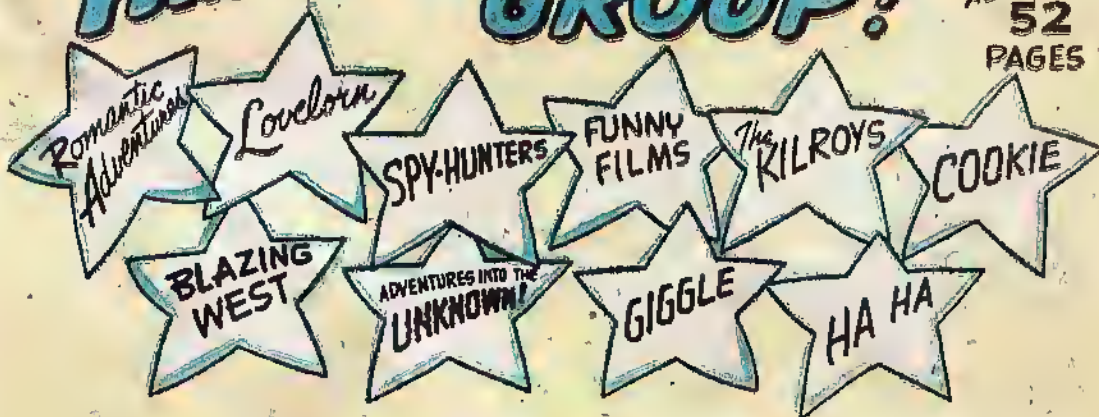
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FAMOUS WESTERN SCOUTS--

LONESOME CHARLEY REYNOLDS

THE INDIANS CALLED HIM "THE WHITE HUNTER THAT NEVER FAILS"...

BECAUSE "LONESOME" CHARLEY REYNOLDS, CHIEF GUIDE TO GENERAL CUSTER, WAS THE BEST SHOT OF THE WEST IN THE 1870'S!

AS A SCOUT, HUNTER AND GUIDE, NO MAN WAS HIS EQUAL -- AND HE SURPASSED EVEN THE WARLIKE SIOUX IN DARING AND COURAGE!

WELL, MEN, ISN'T THERE **ANYONE** WHO'LL VOLUNTEER? IT'S 150 MILES FROM OUR POSITION IN THE BLACK HILLS TO FORT LARAMIE, AND WE MUST GET A MESSAGE THROUGH! BUT SINCE EVERY INCH OF THE GROUND WILL BE WATCHED BY THE SIOUX, I DON'T WANT TO **ORDER** ANYONE TO GO WHO'S AFRAID!

RELAX, GENERAL! I'LL GO!

BUT, CHARLEY, THIS IS A **SOLDIER'S** JOB -- AND YOU'RE JUST A CIVILIAN EMPLOYEE OF THE GOVERNMENT! I **MIGHT** CONSIDER SENDING YOU, BUT ONLY IF YOU TAKE A DETAIL OF SOLDIERS WITH YOU!

THE MORE MEN, THE MORE DANGER O' DISCOVERY! I'LL GO **ALONE!**

TRAVELING BY NIGHT, CHARLEY REYNOLDS BEGAN THE LONG JOURNEY THROUGH AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY BRISTLING WITH HOSTILE REDSKINS!

CAN'T GO TWO MILES WITHOUT PASSING SOME SIOUX CAMP! ONE WHINNY OUT OF YOU, HOSS, AN' FIVE HUNDRED TOMAHAWKS WILL BE COMIN' MY WAY!

BUT CHARLEY COULDN'T KEEP OUT OF SIGHT **ALL** THE TIME -- SO FOR THREE DAYS HE OUTRODE, OUTFOUGHT, AND OUTMANEUVERED COUNTLESS SCALP-HUNTING INDIANS!

IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO THAT BEND IN THE GORGE, I'LL DOUBLE UP ON MY TRACKS AN' LEAVE 'EM CHASIN' THIN AIR!

AND AT SUN-UP OF THE FOURTH DAY, CHARLEY APPEARED AT THE GATES OF LARAMIE, HIS THROAT AND TONGUE SWOLLEN TO SUCH AN EXTENT FROM THE INTENSE HEAT AND LACK OF WATER THAT HE WAS UNABLE TO SPEAK A WORD!

BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO -- FOR HE HAD DELIVERED CUSTER'S DISPATCH BY MEANS OF DEEDS THAT SPOKE FAR MORE ELOQUENTLY THAN WORDS EVER COULD!

OPEN THE GATES -- IT LOOKS LIKE CUSTER'S SCOUT! **HOW IN TARNATION DID HE GET THROUGH?**

THE END

BANTAM BUCKAROO

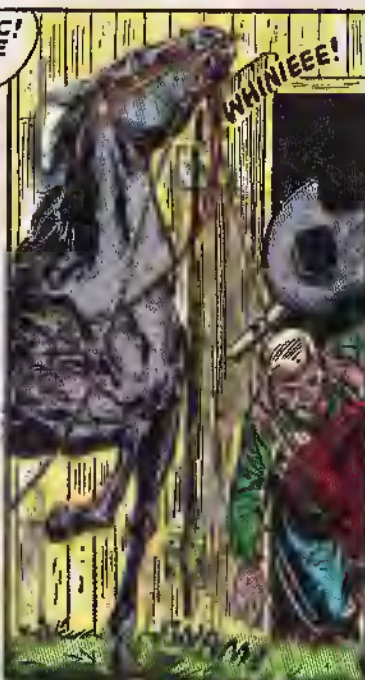
RECKON WE KIN HAVE
A LITTLE RETRIEVIN' PRACTICE
WHILE WE'RE WAITIN' FER MIKE
TUH GIT HIS SADDLE BRONC!
YUH READY?



IF YUH AIM TUH FOLLOW LITTLE LOBO IN THIS ADVENTURE, PARD-
NER...TAKE A HITCH IN YORE CINCH-STRAP AN' GIT READY FER
RUGGED GOIN'! THAR'S A DOUBLE-DEALIN' GALLOOT NAMED
GENTLEMAH JACK RARIN' FER TROUBLE...AN' HE'S GITTIN'
AN OUTSIZED DOSE OF IT WHEN HE TANGLES WITH
THE BANTAM BUCKAROO!



LOBO'S WHIZZING ROPE SETTLES
OVER THE HANDLE OF THE BARN-
DOOR...AND AS THE BRONC YANKS
AT THE ROPE...





O' COURSE, I **COULD** STAY IN THE SADDLE AN' RIDE AFTER THE ROPE **MUHSELF**... BUT THAR'S NO TRICK TUH **THAT!**

LOBO, I SHORE HOPE YUH RUN OUT O' TRICKS BEFORE I RUN OUT O' **LINIMENT!**



WHAR WE HEADIN' MIKE?

THAR'S FOUR WADDIES CAMPIN' JEST OUTSIDE TOWN, AN' ONE OF 'EM ... **GENTLEMAN JACK**... CLAIMS TUH BE THE BEST DEAD SHOT WEST O' THE ROCKIES, BAR NONE! HE'S BEEN OUTSHOOTIN' **EVERY-ONE**... CLEANIN' UP A PASSEL O' MONEY ON BETS ... AN' I AIM TUH DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!



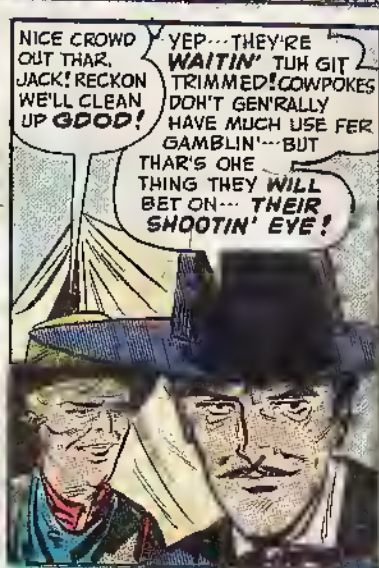
YESSIR, LOBO... I LEARNED TUH CHUCK LEAD WITH A NAVY MODEL SIX-GUN THAT COULD BLAST DOWN A COW SHED ... AN' I'M FIXIN' TUH BEAT GENTLEMAN JACK WITH ONE EYE SHUT!

VIPEEE! I SHORE BET YUH KIN, MIKE!



HALF-HOUR LATER...

THAR HE IS, LOBO ... **GENTLEMAN JACK!**



NICE CROWD OUT THAR, JACK! RECKON WE'LL CLEAN UP **GOOD!**

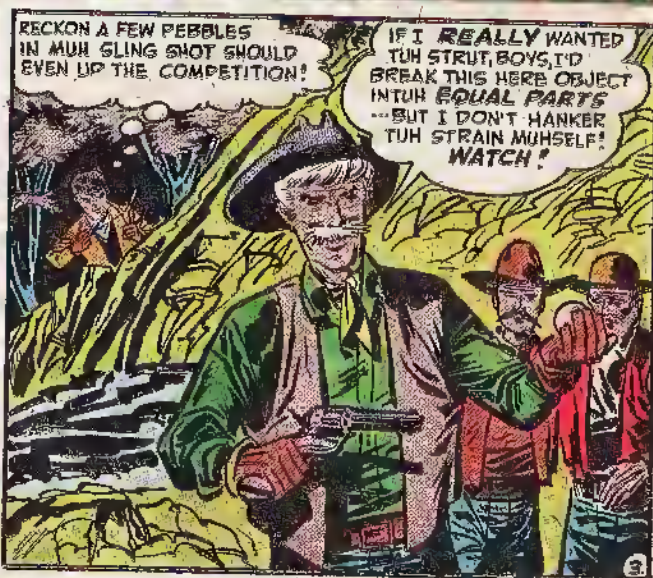
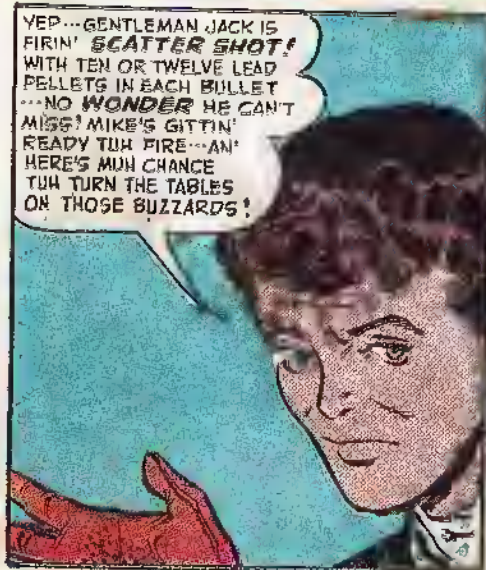
YEP... THEY'RE **WAITIN'** TUH GIT TRIMMED! COWPOKES DON'T GEN'RALLY HAVE MUCH USE FER GAMBLIN'... BUT THAR'S ONE THING THEY **WILL** BET ON... **THEIR SHOOTIN' EYE!**

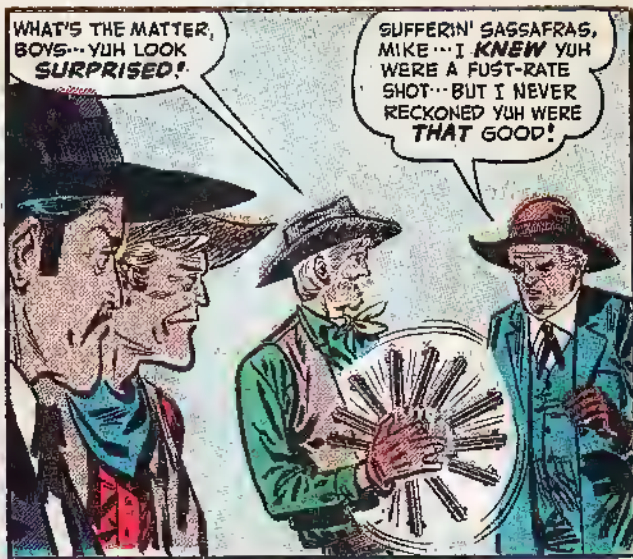


IT SHORE MAKES **THIS** GAME A HEAP MORE PROFITABLE THAN **BANK ROBBERY**! WE'VE TAKEN IN NEAR A THOUSAND DOLLARS DURIN' THE PAST FEW DAYS... AN' ALL WE GOT FROM OUR LAST BANK JOB WAS A SACK O' SMALL CHANGE! WAL... LET'S WHOOP UP A FEW BETS!



GENTS, I'M A-GOIN' TUH CHUCK THESE HERE GLASS BALLS INTUH THE AIR ONE BY ONE... AN' SMASH 'EM WITH THREE SUCCESSIVE SHOTS! IF ANY OF YUH THINKS THAT'S **EASY**... I'M BETTIN' EVEN MONEY THAR ISN'T A WADDY IN THE CROWD WHO KIN BUST JEST **ONE** BALL WITH **THREE SHOTS!**







GENTLEMAN JACK'S THREE WADDIES ARE FIXIN' TUH GANG UP ON MIKE! HERE'S A ROPE YUH KIN FETCH, BRONC... **GIT MOVIN'!**



ON THE NEXT INSTANT... AS THE ROPE SETTLES OVER GENTLEMAN JACK'S SHOULDERS...



LEGGO! I KIN LICK FOUR O' THAT KIND BEFORE BREAK-FAST!

AH! YUH TELL ME TUH KEEP OUT O' RUCKUSES!

WE'D BETTER MOSEY! IF GENTLEMAN JACK STARTS SLAPPIN' LEATHER... MIKE WON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THAT SCATTER SHOT!



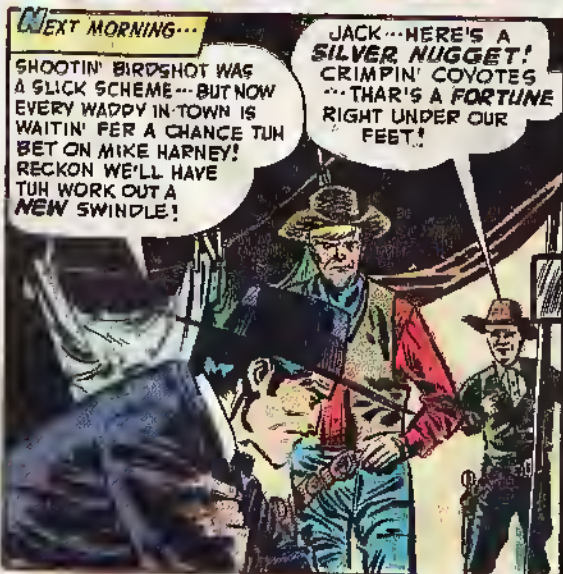
AS MIKE AND LOBO RIDE OFF...

WAL... I RECKON OL' MIKE HARNEY PUT A SPOKE INTUH YORE WHEEL THAT TIME, GENTLEMEN JACK!

GOOD THING LOBO DIDN'T GIT RILED! THAR'S A CHILD O' CALAMITY YUH'D BETTER STAY AWAY FROM!

I'VE GOT TUH ADMIT MY AIM'S A MITE RUSTY NOWA-DAYS, LOBO! FER REAL, BUSINESS-LIKE SHOOTIN'... YUH SHOULD'VE SEEN ME BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN I TANGLED WITH THE ARAPAHO INJUNS!

WITH MIKE SO PLUMB PROUD O' HIS SHOOTIN'... I JEST CAN'T LET ON THAT I HELPED HIM WITH MUH SLING SHOT! I WON'T SAY NARY A WORD ABOUT GENTLEMAN JACK'S LEAD PELLETS... BUT I'M GOIN' TUH KEEP MUH EYE ON THEM VARMINTS!



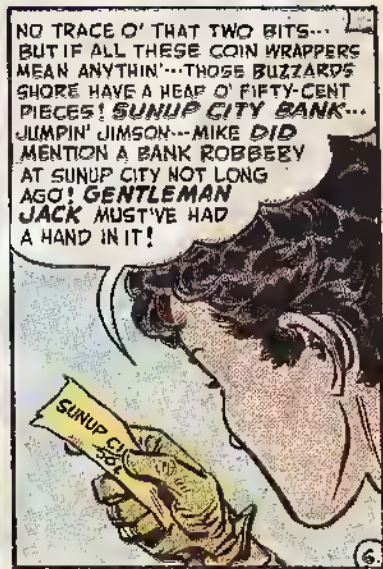
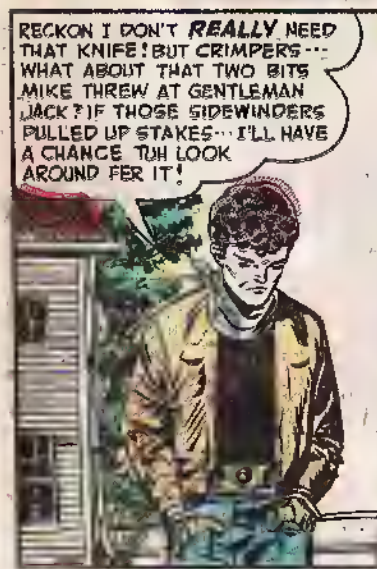
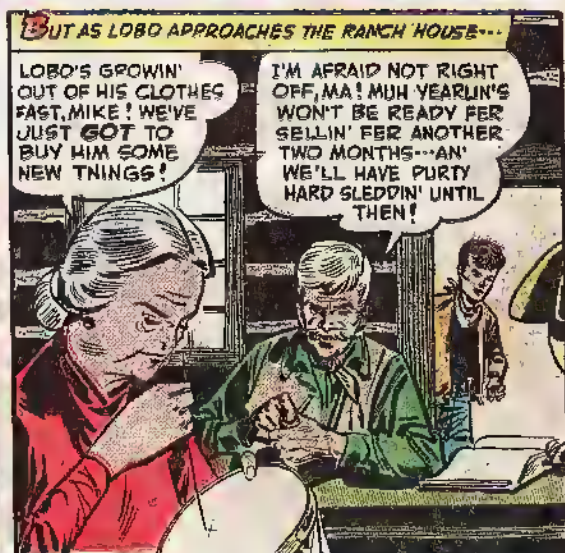
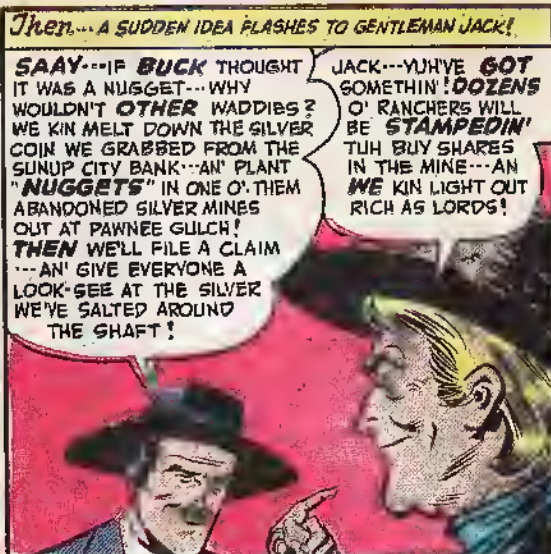
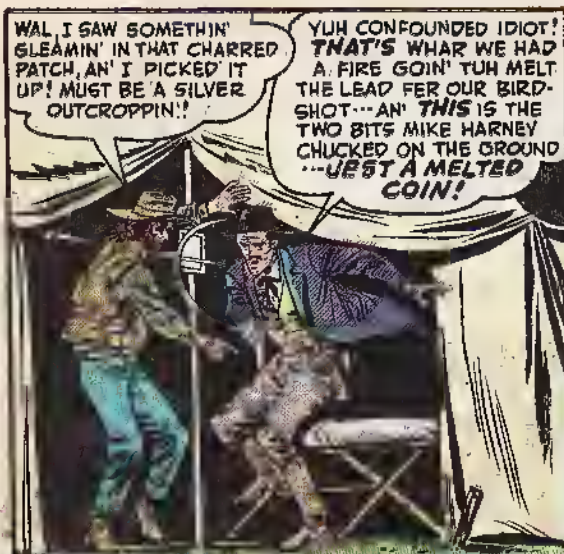
NEXT MORNING...

SHOOTIN' BIRDSHOT WAS A SLICK SCHEME... BUT NOW EVERY WADDY IN-TOWN IS WAITIN' FER A CHANCE TUH BET ON MIKE HARNEY! RECKON WE'LL HAVE TUH WORK OUT A NEW SWINDLE!

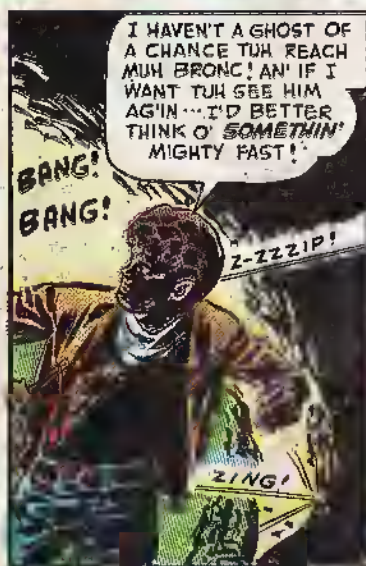
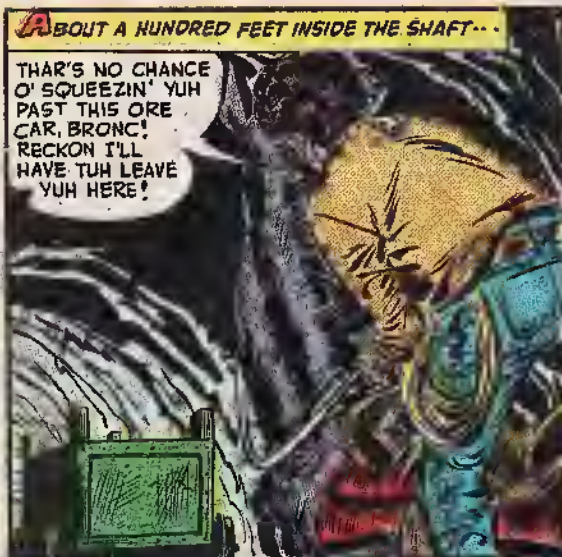
JACK... HERE'S A SILVER NUGGET! CRIMPIN' COYOTES... THAR'S A FORTUNE RIGHT UNDER OUR FEET!

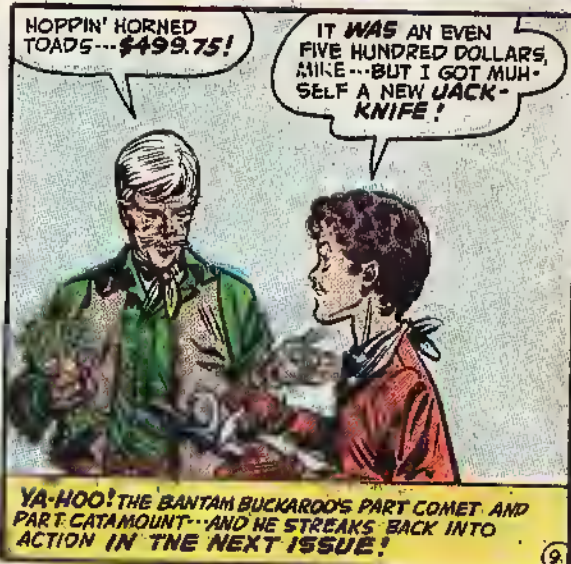


SHORE ENOUGH... IT IS SILVER! WHAR'D YUH FIND IT... PARDNER?









DISHIN' IT OUT!

"G'WAN . . . git away from here, yuh buzzards!" The range echoed with the angry shouts of Eph Barrows as he tried to drive the hovering cowpunchers away from the chuck wagon. "I finished dishin' out the grub fer tonight," he yelled. "Yuh done all the eatin', yuh're gonna do in one day as long as I'm cook in this camp! Yuh're all gettin' plumb fat—soft as heifers!"

Buzz, the boss wrangler, tried to keep his voice innocent as he said, "But Cookie, muh belly's empty . . . muh insides feel like they're fallin' out! Yore chow ain't fit fer a starvin' coyote! An' when it comes tuh dishin' it out, yuh act like it was made o' gold nuggets!"

Eph exploded like a mad Brahma bull at a rodeo. "That does it! If I wuz twenty years younger, I'd brace yuh fer that . . . an' gun yuh down! An' blast yuh, it *still* ain't too late tuh teach yuh some manners!"

The cowhands all fled from Eph in mock fright as he tugged his old six-shooter out from under his apron. "Git, yuh buzzards—yuh're not gittin' any of that grub I allus keep aroun' fer an emergency! Git, afore I plug yuh all!"

"Don't shoot, don't shoot!" the men begged, trying to stifle their laughter—all of them aware that Eph was afraid of guns and never dared put bullets in his ancient Colt.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Three shots rang out, bullets spattering into the dirt around the chuck wagon. Buzz went down, gripping his shoulder. The cowhands all stared in amazement at Eph, who was looking down in bewilderment at the gun he hadn't fired. Suddenly, the air was split with the thunder of hooves and the shouts of the men riding furiously down on the camp.

"Eph didn't fire—it's Bull Benton an' his gang o' rustlers!" one of the men yelled.

"Head fer the hosses," Buzz shouted. "We're outnumbered—we'll have tuh git back tuh town for help!"

It wasn't till half way to town that the men finally realized that old Eph was missing; "Now I remember," Buzz said. "Just afore we got away, I heard one o' the rustlers yellin' fer someone tuh grab the cook!"

"Yeah, I heard it too," one of the other men said. "He said he hadn't had a square meal in a week, an' he was *starvin'*! But I thought Eph got away with us!"

Buzz swore under his breath. "Let's git tuh the sheriff an' git back there—fast! An' let's pray we ain't too late tuh save the cattle—an' pore Cookie! If they hurt that ole waddie, I'll—" Buzz went on swearing.

On the way back, riding ahead of the sheriff and the posse, the cowhands whipped up their broncs, spurring them on as fast as they could go. All of them were praying that they wouldn't find Eph strung up to the nearest tree. Suddenly, on the rise overlooking the camp, Buzz pulled back sharp, hand up. There wasn't a sound from the camp. "Is it too late?" the sheriff whispered.

Everyone held his breath, straining his ears. And suddenly, there *was* a sound—a *snore*! The posse dismounted and made cautiously for the chuck wagon—and there, lying stretched out on the ground, was the entire gang of rustlers—*asleep! ASLEEP!* And there was old Eph, standing over them with a rifle, grinning.

"They're sleepin' off the biggest, heaviest meal o' the century," Eph said. "I tole yuh that slop . . . er . . . grub would come in handy in an emergency some day! Now who says I can't dish it out?"

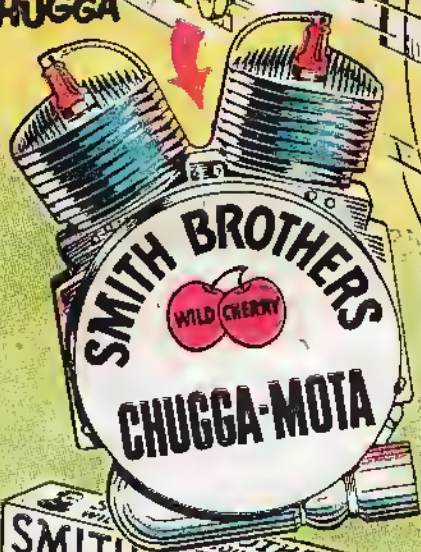
**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

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Hunting the BUFFALO



THE INDIANS OF THE WEST WERE MASTERS AT THE ART OF HUNTING BUFFALO! THE DARING, SKILLFUL BRAVES SLAUGHTERED VAST HERDS MERELY BY USING THE BOW AND ARROW AND THE PRIMITIVE LANCE...AND THEIR VARIED TECHNIQUES ARE WONDERFUL EXAMPLES OF THEIR WILY CUNNING!

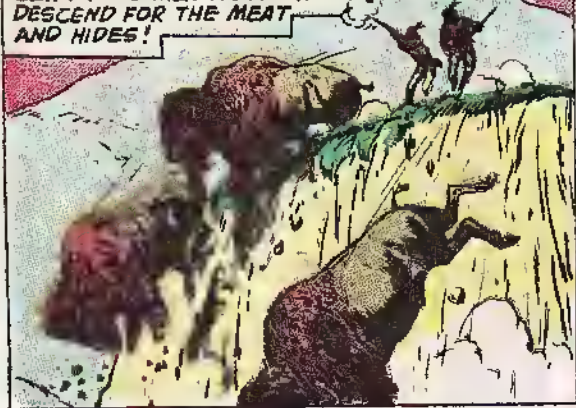
THE OLDEST HUNTING METHOD WAS CALLED THE "SUN-ROUND"...THE BRAVES WOULD FORM A LARGE CIRCLE AROUND A HERD OF BUFFALO, AND THEN WOULD CLOSE IN, YELLING AND FORCING THE ANIMALS TO RUN IN A CIRCLE! WHEN THE BUFFS WERE TIGHTLY PACKED, THE SLAUGHTER WOULD BEGIN!



ANOTHER METHOD INVOLVED THE BUILDING OF A TRAP...MADE OF LOGS, BRUSH, AND ROCKS, PILED SIX TO EIGHT FEET HIGH! IF CRUDE DECOYS WERE PLACED NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE TRAP, THE UNWARY BUFFALO WOULD RUSH IN... TO THEIR DEATH!



SOME OF THE TRIBES USED THE EASIEST METHOD OF ALL--DRIVING THE BUFFALO OVER A CLIFF! THE MEN WOULD THEN DESCEND FOR THE MEAT AND HIDES!



BUT THE MOST DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS METHOD WAS THAT OF "RUNNING"! A HUNTER, ASTRIDE A WELL-TRAINED HORSE, WOULD RUN ALONG WITH THE HERD AND FIRE ARROWS INTO SIX OR MORE BUFFALO DURING A SINGLE CHASE! IT TOOK A GOOD HORSEMAN TO REMAIN IN THE SADDLE AND GET ANOTHER ARROW READY WHILE LETTING HIS HORSE RUN UNGUIDED IN THE MIST OF A THUNDERING HERD!



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SEND NO MONEY Just send name and address. When your amazing Radio Mike arrives pay postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. **SAVE MONEY!** Enclose cash with order and we pay postage.

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**Show Movies
at Home
16 MM. MOVIE
PROJECTOR**

ONLY \$7.95




This projecting machine gives home theater. Show the movies you want—when you want them! Put on shows—have loads of fun! Simple enough for a child to operate—accurate enough for the whole family to enjoy. Ideal for club meetings, parties, etc. This movie projector is hand-operated, SAFER, but not less capacity. Gives excellent reproduction of 16 MM film. You can use a regular household electric light bulb. White choice of film available.

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MILITARY Wrist Watch**

**Complete with
Expansion
Band**



\$6.95

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Here it is! The Wrist Watch Bargain of the year! Not \$15... not \$10... but NOW only \$6.95. But you'll have to hurry. The supply is limited at this amazing low price! Precision-built, split-second time-keeper. Radiant hands and minute-scale watch easy to read in the dark. Raised crystal will not break. Swivel around hand. Shatter-resistant. Stainless steel case will not corrode. The water-poled shock absorber. This watch has a handsome stainless steel expansion band that will fit any size wrist. Order No. 200.

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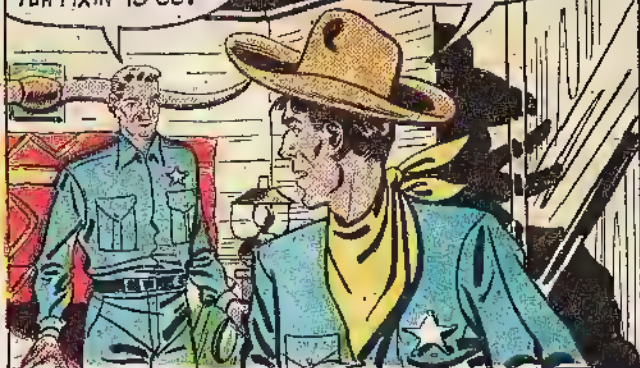
TEXAS TIM, RANGER

LIKE A FLAMING COMET ACROSS THE WESTERN SKY, TEXAS TIM BRENNAN-- FIGHTING RANGER-- SWEEP ACROSS THE HILLS AND PLAINS OF TEXAS, HIS FLASHING FISTS AND BLAZING GUNS DEALING OUT SWIFT JUSTICE TO ALL LAWBREAKERS! BUT THERE CAME A DAY WHEN THE RANGER FOUND HIMSELF BEHIND BARS, STRIPPED OF HIS GUNS... AND FORCED TO MATCH BRONZE ARROWS AGAINST A BRUTAL KILLER'S DEADLY BULLETS!



WAL, YUH SHORE DESERVE THIS VACATION, TIM! AN' SINCE THINGS ARE KINDA QUIET AROUND HERE -- THANKS TO YOU -- I RECKON I-KIN SPARE YUH! WHERE YUH FIXIN' TO GO?

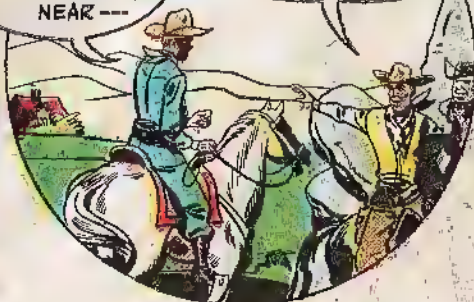
OVER TUH THE PANHANDLE TUH LOOK UP MUH DAD'S OLD FRIEND, DUSTY SAWYER --- HE AN' DAD USED TUH BE INJUN FIGHTERS TOGETHER! DUSTY MUST BE GETTIN' KINDA OLD -- HE MIGHT NEED SOME HELP!

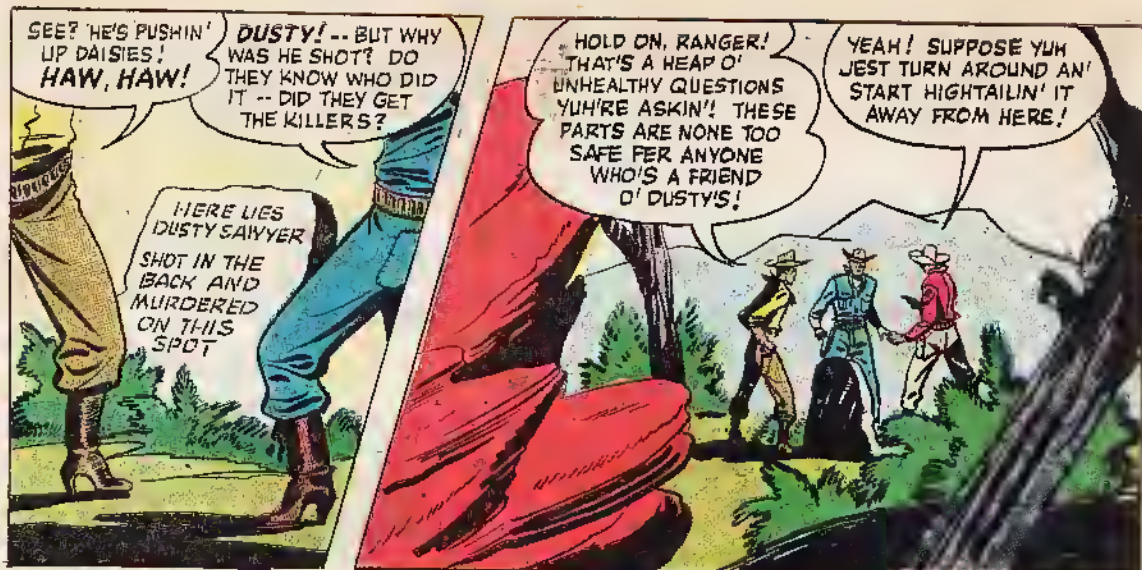


A FEW DAYS LATER, TIM APPROACHES THE TOWN CLOSEST TO DUSTY SAWYER'S RANCH...

HOWDY! I WONDER IF YUH GENTS KIN TELL ME WHERE I KIN FIND DUSTY SAWYER? I HEARD HE'S GOT A RANCH NEAR ---

DUSTY SAWYER? HAW, HAW! YUH SHORE MUST BE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS, RANGER! DUSTY'S RIGHT UP YONDER ON THAT HILL -- HE'S KINDA TAKIN' CARE O' THE FLOWERS!





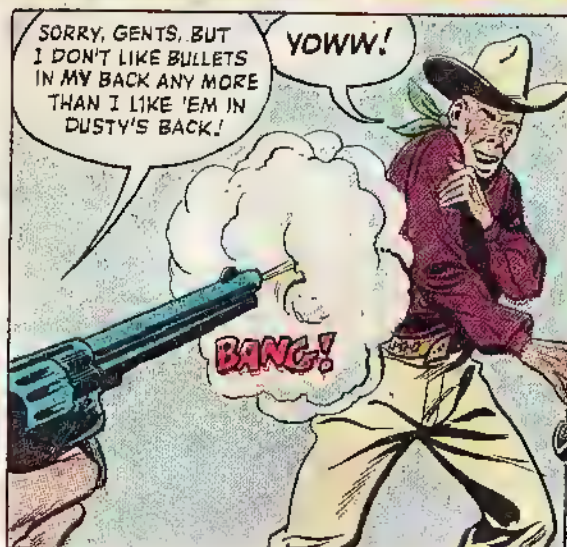
SEE? HE'S PUSHIN' UP DAISIES!
HAW, HAW!

DUSTY! -- BUT WHY WAS HE SHOT? DO THEY KNOW WHO DID IT -- DID THEY GET THE KILLERS?

HERE LIES DUSTY SAWYER
SHOT IN THE BACK AND MURDERED ON THIS SPOT

HOLD ON, RANGER! THAT'S A HEAP O' UNHEALTHY QUESTIONS YUH'RE ASKIN'! THESE PARTS ARE NONE TOO SAFE FER ANYONE WHO'S A FRIEND O' DUSTY'S!

YEAH! SUPPOSE YUH JEST TURN AROUND AN' START HIGHTAILIN' IT AWAY FROM HERE!



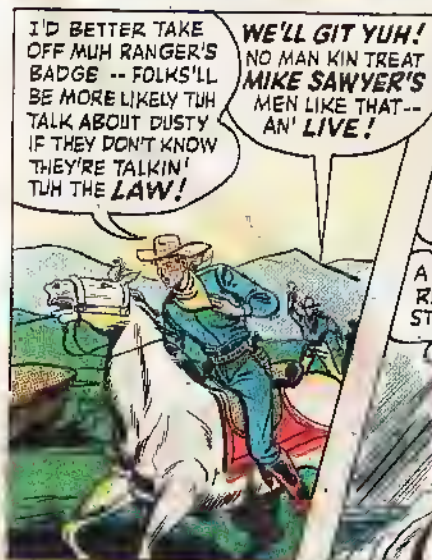
SORRY, GENTS, BUT I DON'T LIKE BULLETS IN MY BACK ANY MORE THAN I LIKE 'EM IN DUSTY'S BACK!

YOWW!

BANG!

WHEN I ASK QUESTIONS, I LIKE TO HAVE 'EM ANSWERED! AN' SINCE YUH'RE SO TIGHT-MOUTHED, I RECKON I'LL RIDE INTUH TOWN AN' SEE IF I CAN GET ANY ANSWERS THERE!

UGH!



I'D BETTER TAKE OFF MUH RANGER'S BADGE -- FOLKS'LL BE MORE LIKELY TUH TALK ABOUT DUSTY IF THEY DON'T KNOW THEY'RE TALKIN' TUH THE **LAW!**

WE'LL GIT YUH! NO MAN KIN TREAT **MIKE SAWYER'S** MEN LIKE THAT -- AN' **LIVE!**

IN TOWN, TIM HEADS DIRECTLY FOR THE SUREST SOURCE OF INFORMATION -- THE BARBER SHOP!

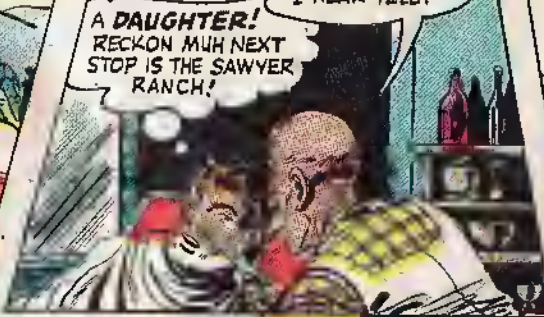
I CAN'T TALK TUH YUH ABOUT DUSTY SAWYER'S MURDER -- IT AIN'T SAFE! BUT IF YUH WANNA KNOW ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER, MARY.. SHE'S STILL RUNNIN' THE RANCH, AN' HAVIN' A HARD TIME OF IT, I HEAR TELL!

A DAUGHTER! RECKON MUH NEXT STOP IS THE SAWYER RANCH!

AT THE RANCH --

THE PLACE SURE IS RUN. DOWN! I HOPE SHE'S HOME -- **HUH?**

WHO ARE YOU -- AND WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE? AND IF YOU'RE ONE OF **MIKE SAWYER'S** MEN, YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT SOUND **GOOD!**



I'M **NOT** ONE OF MIKE SAWYER'S MEN --- SOME OF 'EM SHOT AT ME THIS MORNIN' WHEN I ASKED ABOUT DUSTY! I'M **TIM BRENNAN** --- MUH DAD USED TUH BE HIS BEST SIDEKICK! I WAS RIGHT SORRY TUH HEAR HE'D BEEN KILLED!

I'VE HEARD POP TALK ABOUT JOHN BRENNAN A LOT -- BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE THAT **YOU**--?

THAT'LL PROVE WHO I AM! THAT BOW--THOSE BRONZE ARROWS -- I REMEMBER 'EM FROM WHEN I WAS A KID! CHIEF CRAZY HORSE GAVE 'EM TO MY DAD FOR SAVIN' HIS LIFE --AN' DAD GAVE 'EM TO YORE POP AS A PRESENT!

RIGHT?

YOU **ARE** JOHN BRENNAN'S SON, IF YOU KNOW ALL THAT! I'M SORRY I DOUBTED YOU -- BUT, YOU SEE, I'M **AFRAID** OF MIKE SAWYER AND HIS GANG! MIKE'S MY SECOND COUSIN, BUT HE'S PLUMB **BAD**! HE CALLS HIMSELF A LAND-INVESTOR, BUT HE'S JUST A LAND **PIRATE**! HE WANTS THIS RANCH BECAUSE IT'LL GIVE HIM A COMPLETE CIRCLE AROUND THE TOWN!

DAD NEVER HAD ANY USE FOR HIM AND WOULDN'T SELL!--AND I'M **SURE** MIKE HAD HIM KILLED FOR THAT! I'VE TRIED GETTING THE SHERIFF TO DO SOMETHING, BUT HE SAYS I NEED **PROOF**! AND NOW MIKE'S TRYING TO FORCE **ME** TO SELL THE RANCH TO HIM!

SHHHH! I HEAR HORSES PULLIN' UP OUTSIDE!

WHY, HELLO, COUSIN MARY! ARE YUH READY TUH SIGN --- **HEY! PUT DOWN THAT RIFLE!**

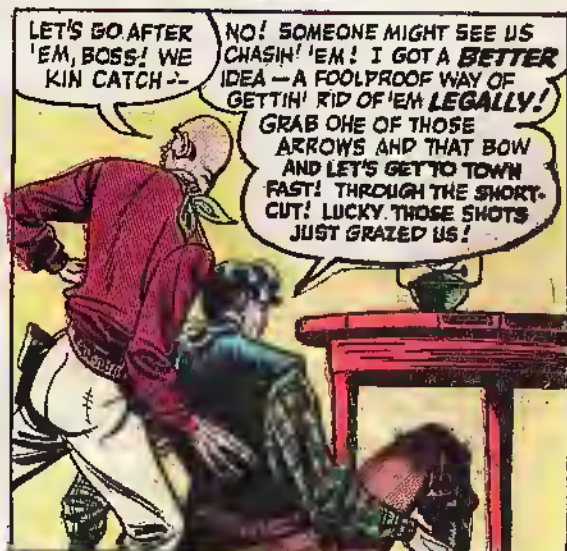
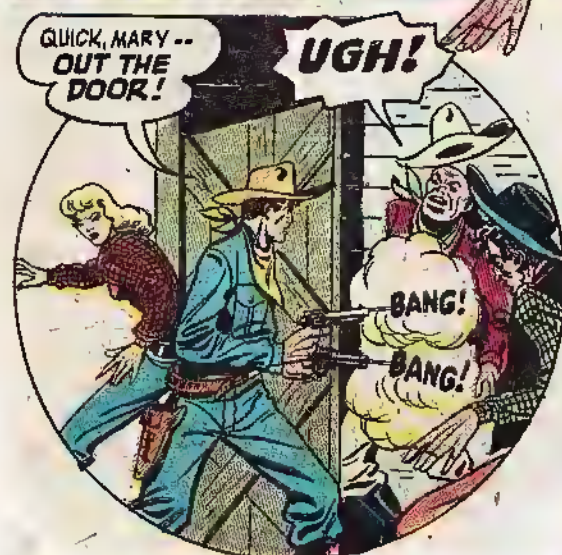
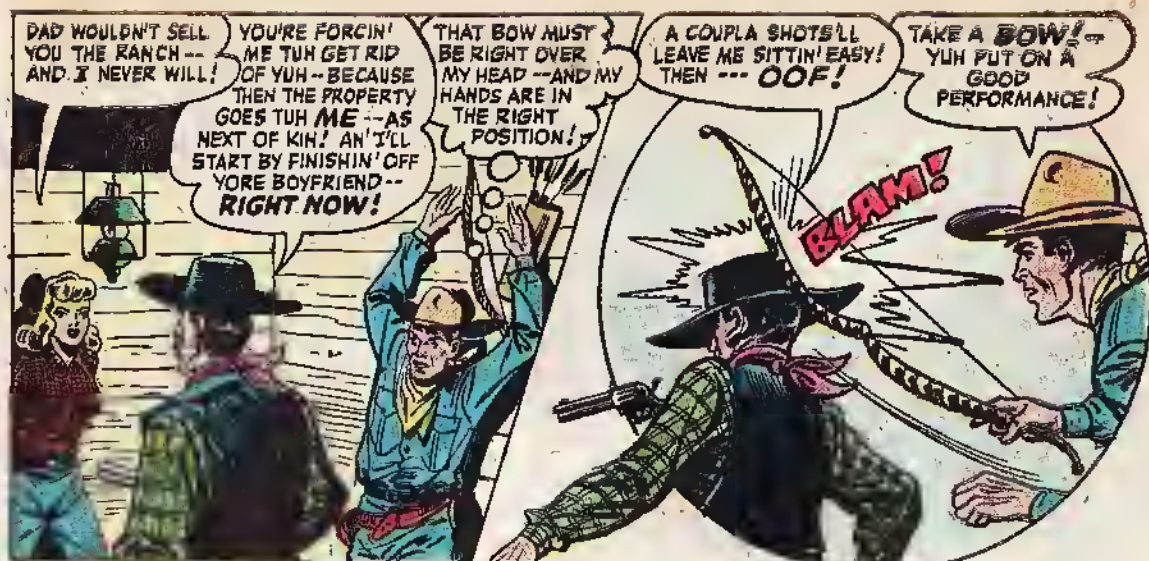
GET OUT OF HERE, MIKE SAWYER! GET OUT BEFORE I--

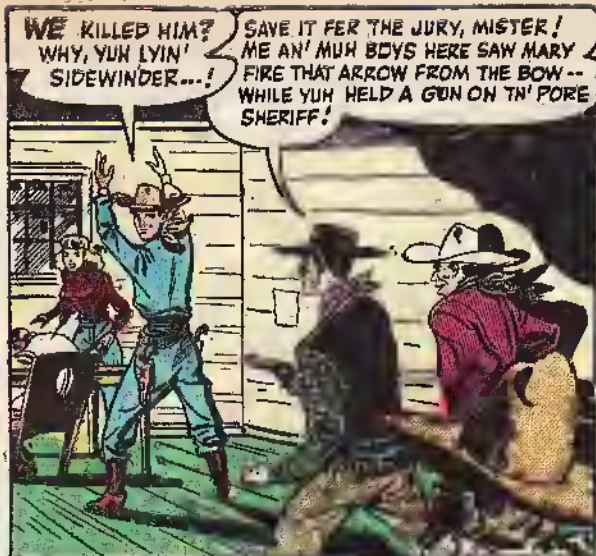
THAT'S NO WAY TUH TALK TUH THE BOSS! I'LL FIX YUH!

LET HER GO, YUH **POLECAT**!

THAT'S THE RANGER WHO SHOT US UP THIS MORNING!

GET 'EM UP, RANGER! YUH DON'T WANNA GO HESSIN' IN A FAMILY'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS, DO YUH? ESPECIALLY WHEN I JEST WANNA HELP MARY BY TAKIN' THE RANCH OFF HER HANDS!

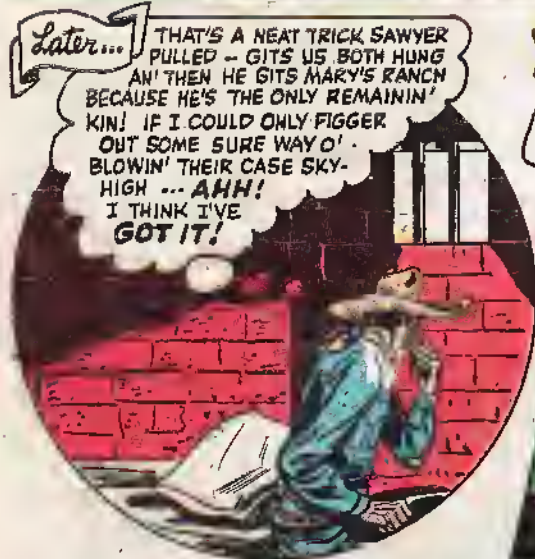




WE KILLED HIM?
WHY, YUH LYIN'
SIDEWINDER...!

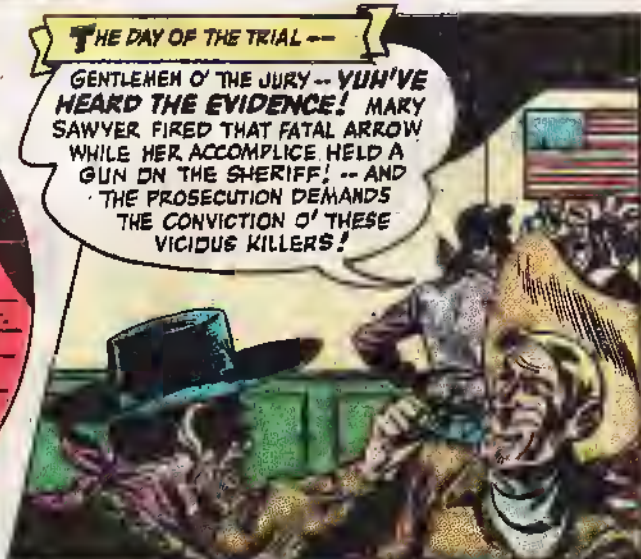
SAVE IT FER THE JURY, MISTER!
ME AN' MUH BOYS HERE SAW MARY
FIRE THAT ARROW FROM THE BOW --
WHILE YUH HELD A GUN ON TN' PORE
SHERIFF!

IT'S MUH DUTY TUH TESTIFY AGIN' YUH,
MARY -- EVEN THOUGH YUH ARE MUH KIN! BUT
THERE'D BE AN AIRTIGHT CASE AGIN' YUH EVEN
IF I DIDN'T SEE YUH PULL THE JOB! EVERYONE
IN TOWN KNOWS THAT BOW AND ARROW
BELONGED TUH YORE DAD -- AN' THAT YUH
THREATENED THE SHERIFF FER NOT CATCHIN'
THESE KILLERS! YUH TOOK THE LAW
INTUH YORE OWN HANDS AND YUH
BOTH GOTTA PAY FER IT! --
TAKE 'EM AWAY!



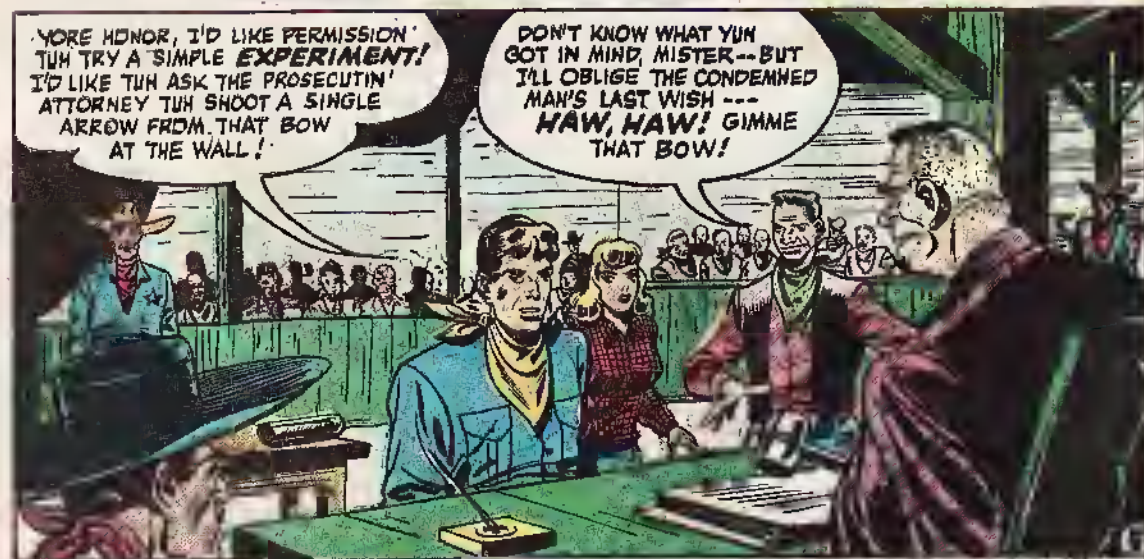
Later...

THAT'S A NEAT TRICK SAWYER
PULLED -- GITS US BOTH HUNG
AN' THEN HE GITS MARY'S RANCH
BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY REMAININ'
KIN! IF I COULD ONLY FIGGER
OUT SOME SURE WAY O'
BLOWIN' THEIR CASE SKY-
HIGH ... AHH!
I THINK I'VE
GOT IT!



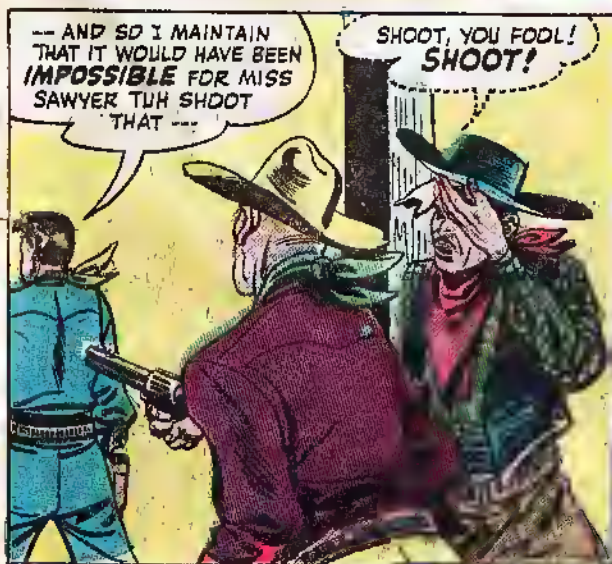
THE DAY OF THE TRIAL --

GENTLEMEN O' THE JURY -- YUH'VE
HEARD THE EVIDENCE! MARY
SAWYER FIRED THAT FATAL ARROW
WHILE HER ACCOMPLICE HELD A
GUN ON THE SHERIFF! -- AND
THE PROSECUTION DEMANDS
THE CONVICTION O' THESE
VICIOUS KILLERS!



YORE HONOR, I'D LIKE PERMISSION
TUH TRY A SIMPLE EXPERIMENT!
I'D LIKE TUH ASK THE PROSECUTIN'
ATTORNEY TUH SHOOT A SINGLE
ARROW FROM THAT BOW
AT THE WALL!

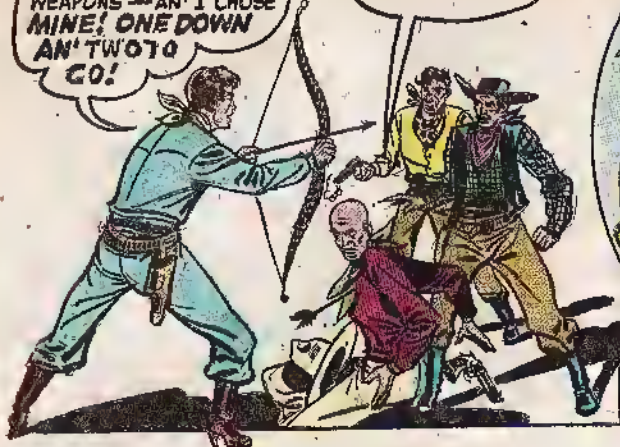
DON'T KNOW WHAT YUH
GOT IN MIND, MISTER -- BUT
I'LL OBLIGE THE CONDEMNED
MAN'S LAST WISH ---
HAW, HAW! GIMME
THAT BOW!



WITH A SWIFTNESS AND ACCURACY THAT EVEN CHIEF CRAZY HORSE WOULD HAVE ENVIED, TEXAS TIM BRENNAN, WIELDS AN ANCIENT WEAPON AGAINST BLAZING SIXGUNS!

YUH CHOSE YORE WEAPONS -- AN' I CHOSE MINE! ONE DOWN AN' TWO TO GO!

AAARGH!



OWWW! MUH HAND!

YEAH! AN' IT'LL BE YORE NECK NEXT ... UNLESS YUH TALK -- AN' **FAST!** WHO TOLD YUH TO SHOOT ME? WHO KILLED DUSTY AN' THE SHERIFF? **QUICK!**



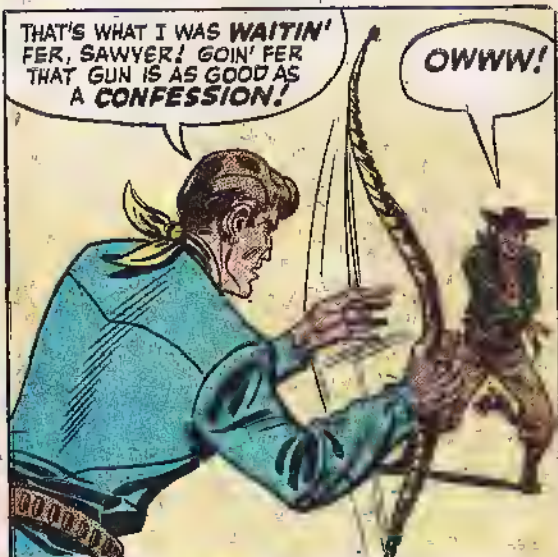
IT WAS MIKE SAWYER! HE KILLED DUSTY AN' THEN HE HAD THE SHERIFF KILLED 'TUN FRAME ...

WHY, YUH DIRTY---



THAT'S WHAT I WAS WAITIN' FER, SAWYER! GOIN' FER THAT GUN IS AS GOOD AS A **CONFESSION!**

OWWW!



AN' THIS IS A RANGER'S WAY OF SAYIN' **GOOD RIDDANCE TUH A POLECAT** --- BEFORE THE HANGMAN GETS YUH!

OOF!



LATER...

I -- I WISH YOU COULD STAY ON -- **TIM!**

SORRY, MARY --- A TEXAS RANGER CAN'T **EVER** STAY PUT! BUT NOW THAT YORE BOW'S WORK IS DONE, I RECKON YUN'LL SOON BE GETTIN' ANOTHER **BEAU** -- WHO'LL HELP YUH RUN YORE RANCH!



⑦

The END

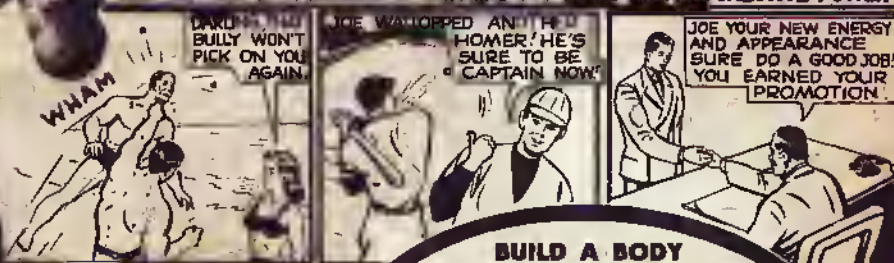
Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make YOU

"The Jowett System
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world," says R. F.
Kelly, Physical Di-
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Atlantic City.

An "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
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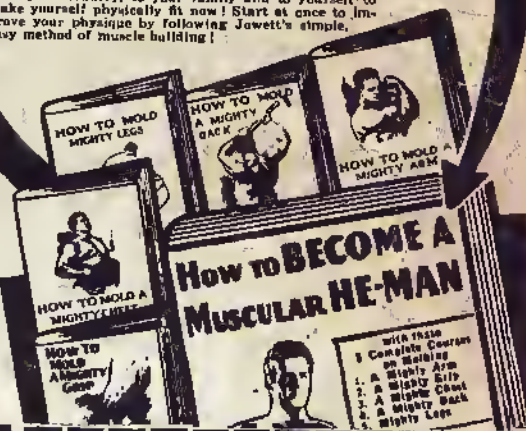
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YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**
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IMPORTANT
NEW FEATURES ADD
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MORE RAZZLE-DAZZLE
MORE SWITCHES...
MORE LIGHTS

11
ALL STAR
FEATURES

OUT OF MY WAY..
JES' WATCH
ME NOW!

WATCH ME
DO MY
STUFF!

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